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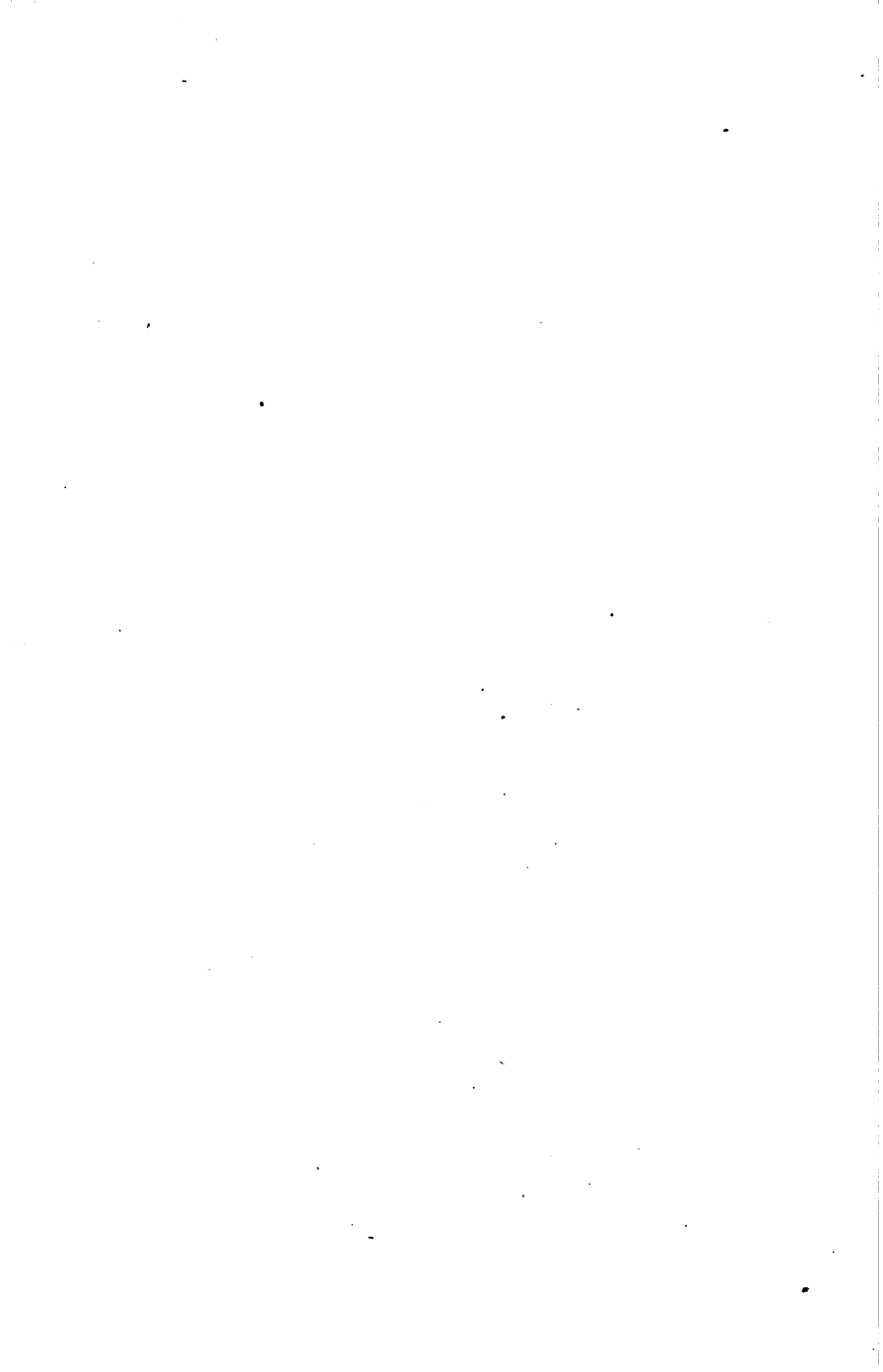
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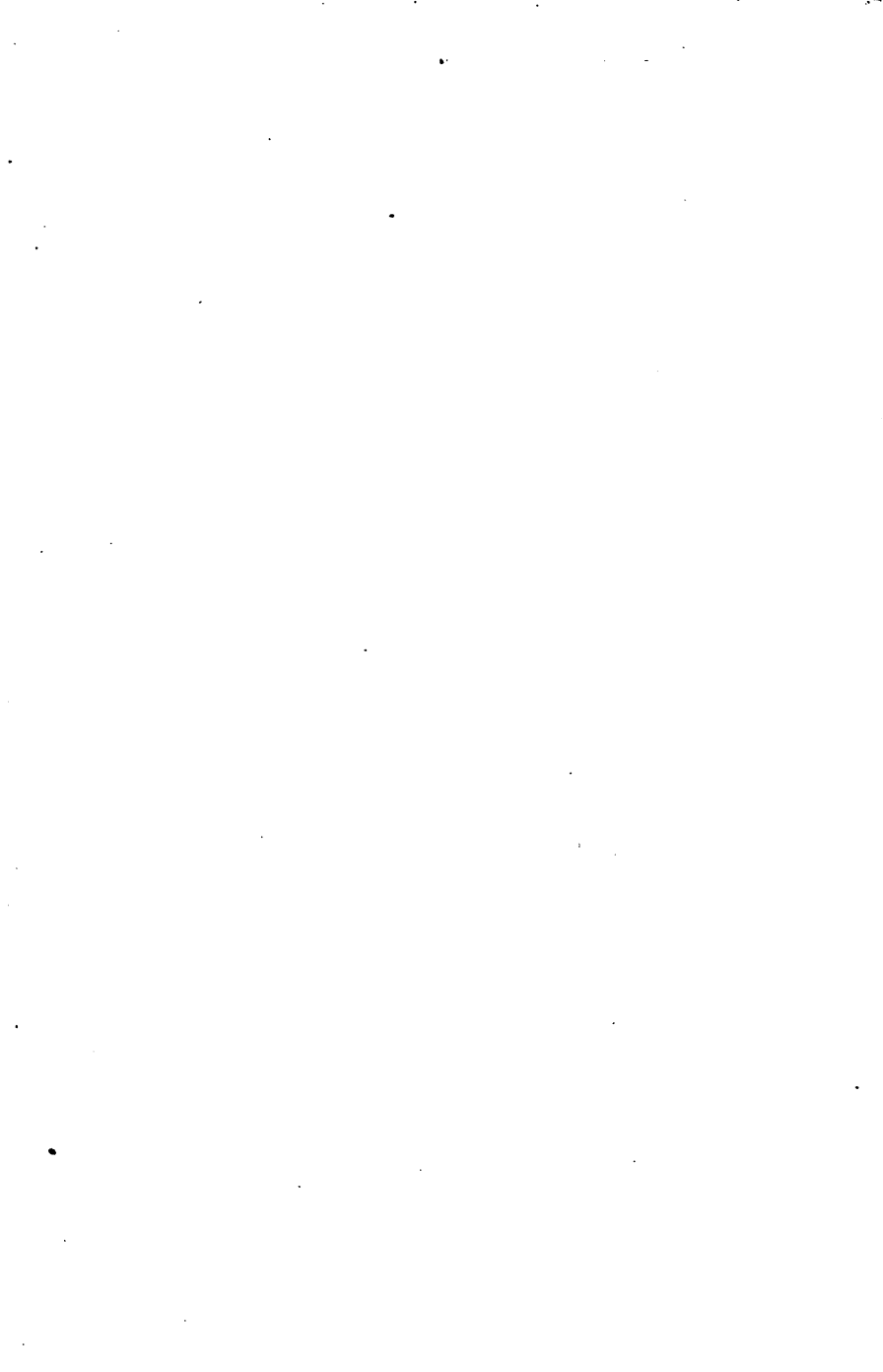
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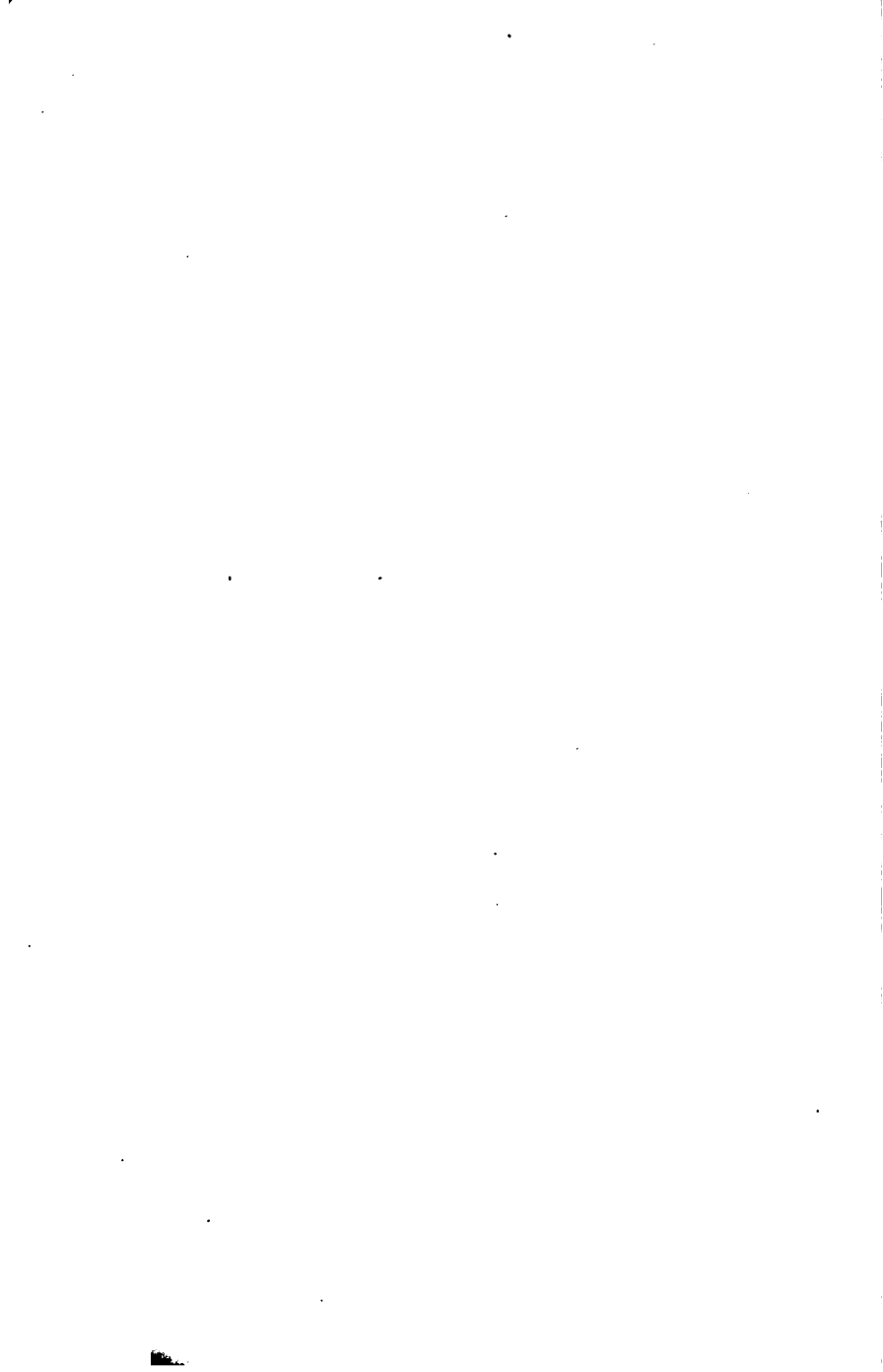
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THE NEGRO AT HOME :

AN INQUIRY AFTER

HIS CAPACITY

FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT AND THE GOVERNMENT OF WHITES

FOR

CONTROLLING, LEADING, DIRECTING, OR CO-OPERATING IN;

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE AGE;

ITS MATERIAL, INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, RELIGIOUS, SOCIAL
AND POLITICAL INTERESTS;

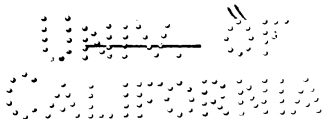
THE

OBJECTS OF SOCIETY AND GOVERNMENT.

THE BUSINESS AND DUTIES OF OUR RACE;

THE OFFENSES OF LEGISLATION.

BY LINDLEY SPRING.



New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1868.

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BY

THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE.

THE plan of this little book originally contemplated a chapter on what is called the "Ethnology" of the Negro,—whereby the physical peculiarities of that race, and the differences which exist between it and the Caucasian, should appear. Materials were collected for that purpose. After consideration has determined the writer to omit it.

Such a chapter, though useful, is not necessary. 'Tis very well for the curious to know how much smaller the Negro brain is than the white man's, and in what degree the sensual portions of the same preponderate over the moral and intellectual ;—that the white man has larger lungs than the black of the same size, and breathes more air ;—that, in the one, oxygenized, or arterial blood prevails, in the other, black, carbonaceous, or venous blood prevails ;—that the heel-bone of the black, instead of forming an arch, is continued in nearly a straight line, so that there is a projecting heel, and no instep ;—that, as in the lower animals, the organs of sense are superior

to the organs of sensibility, and so on, through a long list of radical differences and distinctions; but, after all—

When one comes to an apple-tree, bearing apples, it is not necessary to strip the bark off, dissect the trunk from sap to pith and roots, subject the whole to microscopic scrutiny, in order to decide that it is not a pear-tree, nor a plum-tree, nor an oak, but an apple-tree; and so, we conclude not to delay the book for a purpose analogous to such an inspection.

If Negro fruit fails to declare the nature of the man, 'tis hardly worth while to deliver an anatomical lecture around the subject.

THE NEGRO AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

"Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides,

* * * * *

"Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into thyself and be a fool!"

CAUCASIAN and Negro; the two extremes of mankind: that, the superior, active, ruling race; this, the inferior, passive, subject race. Thus says monumental history, so far back as, at least, 2300 B. C.; thus says all history and tradition, from the remotest period to the present time.—Wherever, and however, the two races have been brought in contact or comparison, this testimony has been given—for ages. It stands now, undisputed by a single fact, corroborated by scientific investigation and the evidence of our senses in daily experience.

Our witnesses testify furthermore that,—this is no arbitrary classification of the two races, but one originating in the nature of things, and caused by specific differences of race; that—those differences are permanent, not to be effaced by time, or change

of climate, or modes of life ; that—the Caucasian and the Negro are “ distinct human beings, men whose relations to the outer world are by no means the same ; ” *—that—while circumstances may develop a higher type of the Caucasian and a modified type of the Negro ; yet, the Caucasian can not become a Negro, nor the Negro a Caucasian, any more than the palm can become an oak, or the oak a palm ;—yet—of the latter, both are trees, as—of the former, both are men.

Our witnesses also testify that—intermixture of the two races is contrary to nature and the well-being of man ; that it brings corruption of blood and confusion ; breeds a class of deficient mongrels, generally short-lived, and in a few generations sterile.

“ Let any one who doubts the evil of this mixture of races, and is inclined, from a mistaken philanthropy, to break down all barriers between them, come to Brazil. He can not deny the deterioration consequent on an amalgamation of races, more wide-spread here than in any other country in the world, and which is rapidly effacing the best qualities of the white man, the Negro, and the Indian, leaving a mongrel, nondescript type, deficient in physical and mental energy. At a time when the new social status of the Negro is a subject of vital importance in our statesmanship, we

* Types of Mankind. By Nott & Gliddon. 1854 : p. 53.

should profit by the experience of a country where, though slavery exists, there is far more liberality toward the free Negro than he has ever enjoyed in the United States. Let us learn the double lesson : open all the advantages of education to the Negro, and give him every chance of success which culture gives to the man who knows how to use it ; but respect the laws of nature, and let our dealings with the black man tend to preserve, as far as possible, the distinctness of his national characteristics, and the integrity of our own.”*

It is, further, in proof, that where the inferior outnumbers the superior, it absorbs and, ultimately, extinguishes it.

The like, can not to the same extent, with equal confidence be affirmed, wherever the superior race outnumbers the inferior. The history of Northern Africa seems to provide a marked exception to the rule.

Over the extensive and varied region bounded—on the north by the Mediterranean Sea, on the south by the great Sahara, have passed ages of social and political change. It was the cradle of progress, the nursery and school of the arts and sciences, the theater of great events, and no less famous in the history of civilization than of religion. It has been occupied, successively, by the most adventurous and capable of the nations and

* A Journey to Brazil.—Boston : 1868.—Agassiz, p. 293. Note by L. A.

tribes of Asia and Europe. Each, in its turn, has flourished for a time and passed away, leaving only splendid ruins, great memories, a mingled, degenerate, depraved people.

The prime cause of those melancholy transitions is well known. It was the physical, moral, and social debasement engendered by an infusion of Negro blood. Not by mixing equal parts of both; less than that sufficed, had to suffice. Negroes in any thing like equal numbers to the Caucasian were not present.

Between Central and Northern Africa was an ocean of sand, nearly a thousand miles wide extending from the Atlantic to the Nile. Until the introduction of camels, since the Christian Era, that ocean of sand was almost as impassable as if it were of fire. The Nile was the only route by which the Negro reached the civilized countries. They never came down in numbers sufficient to constitute any considerable portion of the inhabitants.

Under certain conditions, negro virus, like other poisons, has a power of diffusion superior to pure blood.

It is a very interesting circumstance, recently brought to our knowledge, that, about four thousand years ago, Egypt guarded the third cataract of the Nile, to prevent the influx of negroes. An inscription on the rocks near that place has been read. It is as follows :—

"Frontier of the South. Done in the VIII., under King Sesourtesen (III.), ever living; in order that it may not be permitted to any *Negro* to pass by it in navigating."*

A wise monarch was King Sesourtesen;—pity that those who came after him had not profited by his example.

In these latter days, have appeared those who deny the truth of the testimony concerning the Negro, and the correctness of the conclusions drawn from it. They denounce experience, contradict the senses, and appeal from the judgment of Time to—what!—to fact?—Oh, no!—to declamation!

They declare our classification of the races wrong, and insist that the Negro is in all respects equal to the Caucasian, and entitled to association with him, politically, morally, socially, on equal terms. When pressed for reasons, if they give any, it is—

"No other than a woman's reason :
I think him so, because I think him so."

But what of that?

Some, rare mortals, it would seem, go further and assert his superiority. Otherwise it is incredible that they should, by legislation, in this country, establish, or endeavor to establish the Negro in relations toward the Caucasian which none but inferiors ought to tolerate, and none but superiors can maintain, or ought to maintain.

* Types of Mankind, pp. 268, 269.

These singular pretensions were not conceived in the brain of the Negro; strange to say, they boast of a purely Caucasian lineage. They are the wild or the corrupt issue of certain white men, a sort of herpetological reformers, who live remote from the objects of their passionate benevolence, and have little or no practical knowledge of them—but,

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

They are in ecstasies over—they know not what—or—in a sense—they do.

The writer will endeavor to bring that view within the range of ordinary optics, that its proportions may be scanned, its shadows determined, its manifold beauties disclosed.

Before proceeding to this exhibition, we shall have to consider the legislation mentioned.

It consists of what is known as—“the Reconstruction Acts,” and acts supplementary thereto.

The intent of those acts is,—to transfer the government of the Southern States from the whites of those States to the blacks;—from those who established and carried on the government of those States, to those who never exercised the functions of government, and know nothing about them;—from those who have property and education, to those who have neither.

It is the intent of those acts to put eight millions of our own race and nation in political and

social subjection to four millions of a different race, lately their slaves.

All this is to be effected by military force under despotic military authority, each and all—whites!

However obnoxious the method to law, right, humanity, honor, decency, the design of this book forbids me to enlarge upon the topic.

For the whole case, there is no precedent; no, not in the wide world, from the beginning. To the Republic of America belongs the credit or the shame of establishing the first instance.

One might think that a revolution so complete, thorough, vital, so extraordinary, if to be effected at all, would be effected gradually; if for nothing else, to give the two races time to learn their parts, and society some opportunities for adjusting its habits, feelings, and interest to the new order of things.

Lord Bacon, in one of his essays, says:—"It were good, therefore, that men, in their innovations, would follow the example of time itself, which, indeed, innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by means scarce to be perceived."

Our legislators, however, are superior to instruction. Time is an old driver; his lessons are too dull and too slow for their buzzing vivacity. May-fly deities must improve their season.

In quick succession two decrees are issued,—

"As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme."

The curtain rises. It is no shadowy spectacle we see, but living, moving, operating substance.

“Behold! lo, where it comes!”

marching over American soil, glistening with American bayonets, the black man's supremacy over the white man's life, liberty, and property!!!

And—what an audience!

Will it hiss the piece—damn the performance—or see it out?

Doubtless the catastrophe will do justice to the plot.

CHAPTER II.

"What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains."

NEXT in order, we have to consider the business of society and government.

Society exists for the benefit of individuals ; government, for the benefit of society.

To the lowest of mankind, this implies little more than a qualified protection to life. Only the wolves of the fold may devour the sheep.

Proceeding upward, they, gradually, enlarge their sphere and multiply their operations. We come to the highest, the civilized ; those that occupy the van of progress, the Caucasian, and find government a great, profound, elaborate science, and society, of almost infinite extent in its objects, uses, and the number of subjects which engage its attention.

Government and society are one thing to the Negro ; another thing to the Mongolian, whether Calmuck or Chinese ; still another thing to the

Caucasian, whether Celt, Teuton, or Anglo-Saxon. Each have such as are adapted to their nature and necessities.

Who, and what is this Caucasian ?

It is the race of action—God-like action ; restless and indomitable ; industrious, self-reliant, energetic, quick, audacious, enterprising, adventurous. It is the race of progress ; ambitious, inquiring ; full of expectations, purposes, plans ;—is never through, never done, never at its journey's end—but, always pressing ahead and reaching ahead.

It is—the race—of heroes, conquerors, governors, statesmen, legislators ; the race of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs ; the race of thinkers, scholars, inventors, artists, teachers.

In peace and in war, all other races, and all kingdoms of the physical world do homage to its intelligent, vivid, domineering nature. He toils without ceasing, and adds continually to the great common stock of knowledge and material wealth, which constitute power, urge progress, and promote the welfare of mankind.

The Caucasian claims certain principles as the basis of all good government.

Those principles are—relative duties ; relative rights ; the absolute rights of life, liberty, and property ; and—the greatest good of all.

It is no small matter to govern a race of Caucasians.

The white people of the South are Caucasians.

The black people of the South are Negroes. We seem to have lost sight of this fact.

Which brings us to the next important inquiry.

What does it mean—to give political supremacy to the Negroes of the South ?

It means that they are to govern that country—in all personal, social, political, and religious affairs ;—in all labor and business ;—in all private and public enterprises ;—in all earnings, savings, and accumulations ;—in all matters relating to property ;—in all the affairs of literature, art, and science.

It means—that they shall establish, regulate, and control all government there ; State, county, parish, city, town, village ; that they shall make the State constitutions, fill the legislative, executive, and judicial departments ; it means—that they shall grant all charters, and other acts of public and private incorporation ;—determine the choice and qualifications of mayors, aldermen, selectmen, overseers of public roads and bridges, justices of peace, chiefs of police, policemen ; all directors and teachers of public schools, all administrators, and managers of colleges, hospitals, poor-houses, and other public institutions.

It means—that they shall make all the laws and provide for the administration thereof ;—the laws defining and punishing crime ; the laws regulating domestic, social, and political existence ; such as the law governing citizenship—the law of husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward,

master and servant or apprentice ;—the law of divorce ;—the law to encourage industry and enterprise in agriculture, trade, and commerce ; as, in matters of hiring and letting, wages, partnership, bargain and sale, guaranty, warranty, pledge, hypothecation, affreightment, insurance, agency, mandate ;—the law of real estate ;—the law of things, and the modifications of property ;—the law prescribing how property may be acquired, and therein—of public and private acts, records, prescriptions, inheritances, and the distribution of estates ;—the laws of landlord and tenant, debtor and creditor, insolvency, and therein of the various sorts of obligations and their consequences.

It means—that they shall make all police and health regulations ;—determine the choice of all judges, sheriffs, and other judicial officers ;—constitute all juries, and control the administration of justice between man and man ;—that they shall impose all taxes and raise revenues ;—say, what shall be done with the one, who, and in what proportions must pay the other ;—and,—

Finally, as concerning the general government ;—it means that they are to choose senators and representatives to Congress ;—in which body, as, also, in all general conventions and elections they will have a deciding voice, hold the balance of power.

This partial enumeration of particulars, will give some idea of the authority and place with

which Congress would invest the Negro. It suggests some questions.

Is the Negro fit for it?

Is he fit to have political supremacy over the white men of this country—over white men anywhere?

Is he fit to administer the civilization of this age, to control its material, political, and religious interests?

Those who seek to give him such power—do they well or ill?—are they the friends or the enemies of their country, the friends or the enemies of the human race?

That we may answer such questions advisedly, let us, if we can, find out what the Negro has ever done for himself;—what he is at home—as an individual—as a member of society, sustaining the relations of husband, parent, child, brother, friend, citizen, legislator, governor, judge, and the like;—what his notions of labor, production, agriculture, trade, commerce, manufactures, arts, science, society, civilization, government, law, religion, morals;—what, take him all in all, he has ever done for his own race and country; and what, in his own country, civilization and religion have ever been able to make out of him, or do with him.

This proposition is met with murmurs of dissent.

State your objections, gentlemen.

"It is not fair."

Why not fair?

"The Negro never had our advantages—he never was civilized."

Ah! who civilized us? Whose fault is it, if the Negro never was civilized? but first, answer—What do you mean when you say that the Negro never had our advantages? Do you mean that, by nature and the laws of his being, he is not so well adapted to civilization as we are? that he is inferior to us in physical, moral, or intellectual endowments?

If such be the case, are you not engaged in a very foolish, mischievous and wicked business? Are you not striving to reverse the laws of order; to make that equal which God has made unequal?

If unequals be added to equals the whole is unequal.

Moreover, are you not striving to accomplish still more than this—to degrade the superior, elevate the inferior, and place both in unnatural, antagonistic, and injurious relations? and—do not your efforts tend—to put society into confusion; to impart a rottenness to the very marrow of our civilization?

"But such is not the case. The Negro is not inferior to the white man. He is his equal in mental and physical endowments, and just as capable of promoting civilization, performing its duties, and improving its benefits."

Ah! is it so? Why, then, is not he as civilized?

Wherein consists, or ever has consisted, the white man's advantage over the negro?

Is it in a difference of external conditions?

Both races started at the same time, on equal terms.

Perhaps you will interpose an objection here, and, appealing to science, assert that the two races did not start at the same time; that they were created at different periods.

If you make such an appeal you are lost; for that same science asserts also that nature is progressive, and proceeds by series, from the rude to the finished, from the simple to the complex, from the inferior to the superior,—and that the Negro, as it is the lowest, is also the oldest race of mankind. Science further teaches that Africa is the oldest of the continents: that, ages before the Caucasian was known, the Negro roamed its plains and forests, with wants, desires and tastes to stimulate his faculties, and an unbounded nature on which to exercise them; and yet, from him, not a ray or a glimmer of civilization saluted the Caucasian at his coming.

You are at liberty, therefore, to accept the conclusions of science or reject them, just as you

NOTE.—A piece of granite imbedded in limestone is proof that the granite is older than the limestone. For brevity's sake I take a liberty with geological terms and say: In Caucasian formations 4,000 years old, the fossil negro abounds. There is no negro formation in which the fossil Caucasian can be detected.

please. This argument will proceed on the popular and religious opinion of the common origin of mankind.

Then, both races started at the same time, under equal outward conditions. Every external advantage the Caucasian had, the Negro had; the same sun, earth, air, fire, water, and their products. Each race took its course, and developed its social condition—the Negro and the Caucasian, each its several way; but their ways were different, diverging, all the time getting further and further apart.

Moreover, the Negro had advantages which most of the European Caucasians did not have. He had the example, persuasions, positive influence of those more advanced than himself.

So far back, at least, as the period of monumental history, the highest civilizations and systems of religion, which from age to age prevailed, were established on the Continent of Africa, in the immediate presence or neighborhood of the Negro. They failed to make any salutary impression on him. His mental faculties refused to grasp the ideas they suggested. His moral sense could not reflect their image or appreciate their virtues. His whole nature sank, rather than rose, before conditions of existence that imposed protracted effort, abiding responsibility, high duties, and elevating thoughts. The prospect was, not merely uncongenial, but abhorrent. He drew back from it, retreated further

into the darkness of an obscene and horrid existence.

The efforts of civilization were naught. It was as one distributing water over a desert; neither fruits, flowers, nor blossoms, reward the bounty; all continues as before, a barren, dreary waste.

During these periods, for thousands of years, the greater portion of Europe was inhabited by barbarous tribes of Caucasians, our ancestors.

In process of time it came to pass that they heard of a far-off civilization. They did not, at the rumor thereof, shrink, as will a wild beast, from the light; they stood forth, became curious, inquiring, restless, agitated. It was like the waking of the great deep when the first breath of the storm goes over it; then, as if impelled by superhuman force, that great multitude, wave after wave, mightily rolled down upon that civilization and possessed it;—not to overwhelm, absorb, destroy, but to preserve, improve, enjoy and diffuse it.

They heard of a better faith, a higher spiritual life. Straining their eager eyes toward the place where the star should shine, they welcomed its appearing. The idols were destroyed, the bloody sacrifices abolished, the altars overturned, and that better faith, that higher spiritual life, became their own.

I conclude, then, that—

If the Negro never was civilized, the fault is not in us.

If he never had our advantages, the fault, incapacity—call it what you will—is in him.

The objections urged against the proposition are answered; and here we might stop, but that circumstances force us to double proof. Man is slow to learn by experience; communities are much slower. Indeed, it may be said that they refuse to be taught by it, hence the constant revolutions in a circle which all society undergo.

We will, therefore, visit the Negro at home, and see, not only what he has been, but what he continues to be.

That there may be no further complaint against this proceeding, we will first call on some of the family living in this hemisphere. If among them can be found the black swan, the model man, the people fitted by nature or by art to control and direct the civilization, of this age and country, we will seek no further, but, with as much grace as we are master of, salute the novelty and go home.

CHAPTER III.

"Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land, nigh foundered on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying."

LET us begin with the West Indies.

As San Domingo is said to be the most beautiful of those islands, and the most prodigally endowed by nature, in soil, climate, products, all manner of things good to make a people of, we will stop there first.

In 1790, that island was a French colony, and had a population of about 500,000, of which 470,000, were negroes, slaves. It was in a state of great prosperity, and supplied half of Europe with sugar.

The French Revolution was then in full blossom; in 1793 came its San Domingo fruit, *impartial freedom*. When the San Domingo negro began business on his own account, the place was civilized, highly cultivated and improved, every thing flourished, and everybody; from that time to this, civilization has been near him, and, more or less, in constant contact with him. What, under such circumstances, these seventy years and more, has he done for himself, for civilization, for religion, for the world?

His own friends answer that he has ceased to be a laborer; has destroyed or left to waste, costly improvements and implements of husbandry; that the cultivated places have become wilderness in the depths of which he enjoys the filthy rites of a detestable paganism; that his attempts at civil government are a sickening burlesque on the name, characterized by childish caprice and change, by violence, blood, cruelty, rapine, and every other disorder; in short, that, he has done little else but relapse toward the barbarism from whence he was taken.

In 1790 the value of the exports of San Domingo was \$27,828,000. Their present value it is impossible to state, for no figures are kept. Not long ago the Hon. Charles Sumner, in a senatorial speech, guessed them at \$2,673,000; just about twice their probable value; but as \$2,673,000 in 1863, against \$27,828,000 in 1790, are sufficiently descriptive of the progress of the island, we may let the figures stand.

In 1790, were produced as follows :—

Sugar, lbs.....	163,405,220.
Coffee, “	68,151,180.
Indigo, “	930,016.

In 1849, the latest period at which there are any reliable statistics, the figures stand as follows :—

Sugar, lbs.....	none.
Coffee, “	30,608,343.
Indigo, “	none.

The coffee grows wild ; women and children pick the berry. Whatever requires cultivation is abandoned.

In London, 1863, was published a work entitled "The West Indies ; their Moral and Social Condition." The author is Mr. E. B. Underhill, envoy to the West Indies of the London Baptist Missionary Society, and a great friend to the free Negro. His reluctant testimony will be found instructive.

Of his journey through the island of San Domingo to Port au Prince, he writes, that he passed through many abandoned plantations, the buildings in ruins, the sugar-mills destroyed, and the iron pans strewing the roadside, cracked and broken. Only once did he come upon a mill in use ; it was grinding cane, for sirup, of which to make *tafia*, the intoxicating drink of the country. With the exception of a few banana gardens, or small patches of maize around the cabins, he found, nowhere, signs of cultivation. He tells us, that in the time of the French occupation "thousands of hogsheads of sugar were produced ; now, not one. All is decay and desolation. The pastures are deserted, and the prickly-pear covers the land once laughing with the bright hues of the sugar-cane. The hydraulic works erected at vast expense for irrigation, have crumbled to dust," and "the plow is an unknown implement of culture."

After describing the country as highly capable of producing—besides sugar and coffee—cotton,

tobacco, the cocoa bean, spices, every tropical, and many of the fruits of Europe, he concludes with the following epitaph. This country "lies uncultivated, unoccupied, and desolate. Its rich mines are neither explored nor worked; and its beautiful woods rot in the soil where they grow. A little log-wood is exported, but ebony, mahogany, and the finest building timber rarely fall before the woodsman's ax, and then only for local use. The present inhabitants despise all servile labor, and are, for the most part, content with the spontaneous productions of the soil and forest."

Mr. Underhill notices, at some length, the idolatry practised in the island, under the name of Vaudoux, or serpent worship. It is a native African superstition. The object worshiped is a small green snake. The worshipers meet in some secluded place, the king is known by the scarlet band around his head, worn like a crown; a scarf of the same color distinguishes the queen. The rites are introduced by something like the following chorus:—

"Eh! eh! Bomba, hen! hen!
Canga bafia te
Canga mourne de le
Canga de ki li
Canga li."

The snake, the object of adoration, in a box, is placed on a stand and worshiped. After this it is put on the ground, the queen mounts the box, is seized with violent tremblings, and, in response to

the prayers of the worshipers, utters oracles and dark sayings. A dance closes that part of the ceremony. The king puts his hand on the box, a tremor seizes him, and, through him, the worshipers. "A delirious whirl or dance ensues, heightened by the free use of tafia. The weakest fall, as if dead, upon the spot. The bacchanalian revelers, always dancing and turning about, are borne into a place near at hand, where sometimes, under the triple excitement of promiscuous intercourse, drunkenness, and darkness, scenes are enacted enough to make the impassible gods of Africa itself gnash their teeth with horror."

On this subject, a writer to the London Missionary Herald, in 1850, says: "These Vaudoux almost deluge the Haytien part of the island. They practice witchcraft and mysticism to an almost indefinite extent. They are singular adepts at poisoning. A person rarely escapes them when he has been fixed upon as a victim."

Turn now from civilized San Domingo to Jamaica; the largest and most important of the British West India Islands.

Population by census of 1844 and 1861, respectively:

Whites.....	15,799	Whites,.....	13,816
Mulattoes.....	68,529	Mulattoes.....	81,065
Negroes.....	293,128	Negroes.....	346,374

By this it will be seen that the white is being gradually absorbed by the increasing negro and mixed blood. The negroes of that island have

enjoyed "impartial freedom" since the first of August, 1838. According to the last census (1861) they had made such progress in civilization, that of the whole population more than 300,000 could neither read nor write. So much for twenty-three years of self-government.

Jamaica, like the other of the West Indies, is rich in soil and valuable products. At one time it was very prosperous, but, ever since the negro was put in charge it has been going to decay.

PRODUCTS.

1805.		1856.	
Sugar, hhds.....	150,352	Sugar, hhds.....	25,920
Rum, punch.....	46,837	Rum, punch.....	14,470
Pimento, lbs.....	1,041,540	Pimento, lbs.....	6,848,622
Coffee, lbs.....	17,961,923	Coffee, lbs.....	3,328,147

The pimento grows wild, spreads rapidly over the abandoned plantations, and does not require cultivation; women and children pick the berries. The same, to a considerable extent, is true of the coffee-tree.

The movable and immovable property was once estimated at £50,000,000. In 1850, it had fallen to £11,500,000; in 1851, to £9,500,000, and a corresponding reduction, in 1852, was estimated, but we have not the figures. The cause of this decline is clear. During the five years following emancipation, there were, of coffee and sugar estates abandoned and thrown

out of cultivation..... 856,432 acres.
and in the five years, from 1848..... 891,187 more.

These figures need no comment, they tell their own story.

Let us now take a glance or two at the people of this progressive island.

The Cyclopædia of Commerce says: "The Negro is rapidly receding into a savage state, and, unless there is a large and immediate supply of immigrants, all society will come to a speedy end, and the island become a second Hayti." The London Times, in a lengthy jeremiade on the subject, protests that the freed West India slave "will not till the soil for wages. Yams, mangoes and plantains,—these satisfy his wants. He eats his yams and sniggers at 'Buckra.' Free and independent enough he has become, God knows, but laborer he is not; and, so far as we can see, never will be. He will sing hymns and quote texts, but honest, steady industry he not only detests but despises;" and again, the same paper says: "The Negro has no desire for property strong enough to induce him to labor with sustained power. He lives from hand to mouth. In order that he may have his dinner and some small finery, he will work a little, but after that he is content to lie in the sun. This, in Jamaica, he can very easily do, for emancipation and free trade have combined to throw enormous tracts of land out of cultivation, and on these the Negro squats, getting all that he wants with very little trouble, and sinking, in the most resolute fashion, to the savage state. Lying under his

cotton-tree, he refuses to work after ten o'clock in the morning. 'No, tankee, massa, me tired now; me no want more money,' or, 'no, workee no more; money no nuff; workee no pay;' or, 'no, massa; no starvee now; God send plenty yam.'

Earl Grey, in the House of Lords, June 10th, 1852, said, "That it was established by statistical facts that the Negroes were idle and falling back in civilization."

In 1853, Ex-Governor Wood, of Ohio, visited Jamaica; he wrote: "Since the blacks have been liberated, they have become indolent, insolent, degraded, and dishonest. They are a rude, beastly set of vagabonds, lying naked about the streets as filthy as the Hottentots, and I believe, worse!"

Sewell, in his work on the Ordeal of Free Labor, writing of Kingston, the capital, says:—

"There is not a house in decent repair; not a wharf in good order; no pavement, no sidewalk, no drainages, and scanty water; no light. There is nothing like work done. Wreck and ruin, destitution and neglect. The inhabitants, taken *en masse*, are steeped to the eyelids in immorality. The population shows unnatural decrease. Illegitimacy exceeds legitimacy. Nothing is replaced that time destroys. If a brick tumbles from a house to the street, it remains there. If a spout is loosened by the wind, it hangs by a thread; if furniture is accidentally broken, the idea of having it mended is not entertained. A god-forsaken place, without

life or energy, old, dilapidated, sickly, filthy, cast away from the anchorage of sound morality, of reason, and of common sense."

The writers cited are friends to "impartial freedom." Not an authority has been quoted from the opposite side. The book could easily be filled with similar extracts.

It is pretty clear that the negroes of San Domingo and Jamaica have not done much for themselves, for the world, or for religion; and that they have not demonstrated that their race is fit to control and direct the civilization of this age and nation.

We will not visit the other islands, nor Honduras, nor Central America, nor mongrel Mexico. With slight change of incident and character, the performance is substantially the same. Let us proceed at once to the Northern States of this Union. In that high-pressure region, after many years of freedom, there, if anywhere, the Negro must have shown the stuff he is made of. Compelled by the ceaseless rivalries of life, he has exerted those shining qualities nature endowed him with, and doubtless has proved his fitness for the high place sagacious statesmen and legislators would confer upon him. Accordingly, we find that, after emancipation, his first appearance on the public stage was in the mixed character of pauper, vicious vagabond, criminal. He has sustained that character capitally, ever since.

Pennsylvania abolished slavery in 1780. Nine

years after, Benjamin Franklin put out a call for aid for his society "for the promotion of industry, *intelligence*, and morality among the free blacks." The success of that society may be surmised from the fact that, thirty-eight years after, one-third of the convicts in Pennsylvania were negroes and mulattoes. In New Jersey, one-half of the convicts were freed negroes. When we consider the relative proportion of the blacks to the whites, these are significant facts. Nor were Massachusetts and other States much better off, as appears from the reports of the "Boston Prison Discipline Society." From the First Annual Report of that Society, June 2d, 1826, we extract:—

"Degraded character of the colored population. The first cause existing in society, of the frequency and increase of crime, is the degraded character of the colored population. The facts, which are gathered from the penitentiaries, to show how great a proportion of the convicts are colored, even in those States where the colored population is small, show, most strikingly, the connection between ignorance and vice." Then follow statistics:—

In Massachusetts, where the blacks are as $\frac{1}{74}$ to the whole, they constitute $\frac{1}{6}$ of the convicts; in New York, where they are as $\frac{1}{34}$ of the whole, they constitute $\frac{1}{4}$ of the convicts; in Connecticut and Pennsylvania, where they are as $\frac{1}{34}$ to the whole, they constitute more than $\frac{1}{3}$ of the convicts; in New Jersey, where they are as $\frac{1}{13}$ to the whole, they

supply more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of the convicts. The Second Annual Report, 1827, says: "The returns from the several prisons show that the white convicts are remaining nearly the same, or are diminishing, while the colored convicts are increasing;" and furnishes the following:—

	Whole No. convicts.	Colored.	Proportion.
In Massachusetts	318	50	1 to 6.
In New York	381	101	1 to 4.
In New Jersey.....	67	33	1 to 2.

Nor do matters improve with time. The census of 1850 shows:—

In Mass.	1 Negro convict to every	192 of Negro population.
agst.	1 White " " 2,533	" White "
In N. Y.	1 Negro " " 190	" Negro "
agst.	1 White " " 2,208	" White "
In Pa.	1 Negro " " 492	" Negro "
agst.	1 White " " 6,884	" White "
In Ohio.	1 Negro " " 574	" Negro "
agst.	1 White " " 5,400	" White "

Outside the penitentiaries, a large proportion are paupers, living on private charity, or in almshouses, and "homes for the indigent." They are a heavy burden on the labor of the country, and produce nothing.

In 1850 the colored population of New York City was	13,815
" 1860 " " " "	10,831
Decrease in ten years	2,984
A careful estimate of the same for 1866, made by the Reporter of a City Weekly, gives a total of	8,952

Of these, one thousand one hundred and sixty-

five are servants; three thousand six hundred and forty-nine are waiters, washerwomen, porters, whitewashers, coachmen and the like. In the miscellaneous list we find, fourteen clergymen; four night scavengers and one farmer.

There are, besides these, irregular pursuits much against the general welfare.

At least four hundred and forty-four blacks and mulattoes are married to white women; two hundred and fifty white men have negresses for temporary wives; and the number of houses of prostitution and assignation, kept by mulattoes, without counting the more exclusive, that elude notice, is forty-five.

The Negro occupies, in idleness and squalor, the obscurest parts of our cities. In the rural districts, "Cuffee Town" needs no sign, the starved and mangy cur that sneaks about the premises, tells whose dog he is.

Gerrit Smith has done, or attempted to do, a great deal for the negro. In 1852, he wrote a letter complaining that "most of them prefer to rot, both physically and morally, in cities, rather than become farmers or mechanics in the country; and Horace Greeley, in an unguarded, candid moment (22d September, 1855), admitted that "nine-tenths of the free blacks have no idea of setting themselves to work except as the hirelings or servitors of white men; no idea of building a church or other serious enterprise, except through beggary

of the whites. As a class, the blacks are indolent, improvident, servile, and licentious."

The religious disposition of these people tends continually toward African superstition. Notwithstanding the pressure of surrounding Christianity, Obeism, in a modified form, has long been practiced by stealth among them. We have talked with a gentleman who knew the fact well and had been at one of their places of secret meeting, but the latest intimation on the subject is derived from the New York Police reports of the 3d of August, 1867. It was a case that came up before Justice Dodge of the Jefferson Market Court. The parties were two negroes, coachmen. One charged that he had caught the other sprinkling magic water around him, to do him harm. The accused admitted the fact, said that he thought his friend was going to die soon any how, that he wanted to succeed him in his place. The contents of the bottle were not intended to kill him outright, but only to hasten his death or render him unfit for service ; also, it would secure the friendship of the employer's family, so that the accused might have the preference of the situation.

The Reporter of the Sunday News closes his account of this matter with the following note :—

"John Ramsey, an old quack, or herb doctor, who hangs around Jefferson Market, and who also is colored, gave a curious explanation of the contents of the alleged mischievous bottle.

“‘Snake Mary,’ he says, ‘is a certain bark which has peculiar destructive properties, and which grows, principally, on Long Island. It is a sure way to destroy the happiness of any darky family, to distribute this in their midst. It makes a man swell up, affects his limbs, and, if taken internally, is certain death.’”

Something curiously like this occurred, not long ago, away off in Central Africa.* The explorer, Captain Speke, had in his company two head-men; one of whom was jealous of the other and trying to supplant him. The one whose position was threatened went to an African doctor for some medicine that would so affect the hearts of his employers as to incline them toward him. The doctor sold him the medicine required and put it in a pot of liquor, which was placed by the side of the rival. That rival ascertained from the doctor that it was a charm to deprive him of life, and there was a great row, but no Jefferson Market Police Court.

It is evident that we shall look in vain among the negroes of the Northern States for the qualities requisite to the high calling of their race. Let us, then, take a short run into Canada and see if we can find them there.

Canada—for so many years the *Ultima Thule* of the Underground Railroad, and the promised

* Journal of Discovery of the Source of the Nile. New York: 1864. p. 229.

land for thousands of fugitives from bondage to "impartial freedom."

The New York Herald, Jan. 5, 1860, appropriated eight columns to a thorough report of the condition and prospects of the Negro in that favored region.

The neck of land between Lake Erie and the St. Clair River has the warmest climate of the province; the soil, a rich alluvion, adapted to tobacco. Here the Negroes were chiefly congregated, in a number of settlements, under the auspices of various associations.

The professed object of the "Elgin Association" was, to ascertain, by trial, whether the negro race could be made self-supporting, as their own masters and proprietors of farms, without any person to guide or control them; whether, in fact, the Negro was not fit to be placed on a social equality with the white citizen. After nine years' trial, the conclusion was not flattering.

The Rev. John Rennie, clergyman of Buxton, one of the settlements, "with all his desire to see the colony prosper, was compelled to admit that the experiment had not answered the expectations of its projectors, as yet, and to express his fear that it would ultimately result in failure. The Negroes, he has discovered, are really unfit to provide for themselves. They seem to require a guiding and directing hand, and to be entirely deficient in forethought and settled purpose. The men who are in health, no sooner find the warm weather at

hand than they leave their homes to 'work out,' either as barbers, boot-blacks, waiters, or in any other position that may offer on board a steamboat or in a hotel. This is at the season when they could most profitably labor on their land; but, their sole ambition seems to be to obtain some light employment where no thought of the morrow is needed, and where they can earn a little money without hard work. They return to their families in winter, and lay idle so long as the little money they have saved will last. This gone, they go discontentedly to chopping wood, or burning for ashes; and, year after year, their lots present the same desolate, wild appearance, and their payments for the land are seldom met." This statement will answer for all the settlements, of all the associations; there is no difference, except for the worse. Wherever the Negroes have settled, property declines in value, farms are abandoned, poor-houses and jails are filled. In Kent and Essex counties, nine-tenths of the offenses against law are committed by the Negroes, who, yet, do not constitute more than one-fourth of the whole population. In one township, nearly every sheep belonging to the white farmers had been stolen; cases of petit larceny were of incredible frequency, and high crimes nothing unusual. Especially were they addicted to rape, of white women, nearly every assize had to try the crime. A prominent lawyer, public prosecutor, told the re-

porter that no white woman was safe, at all times, from assault, and those who were rearing daughters in that part of Canada might well tremble at the danger with which they were threatened: "When lust came over the Negroes, they were worse than wild beasts." The report gives some shocking instances.

In Essex County is Windsor, opposite Detroit, once an attractive, flourishing village; now, property there is unsalable, and the respectable portion of the community is fast being driven away or overrun by the lazy, worthless, and demoralized fugitives from the States.

In June, 1858, Colonel Prince, then of Windsor, and long a member of Parliament, in the course of parliamentary debate, said as follows:—

"In the county of Essex, the greatest curse that befell them was the swarm of blacks that infested that country. They were perfectly inundated with them. Some of the finest farmers of the county of Kent had actually left their beautiful farms so as not to be near this terrible nuisance. If they looked over the criminal calendars of the country, they would see that the majority of names were those of colored people. They were a useless, worthless, thriftless set of people, too lazy and indolent to work, and too proud to be taught. Were the blacks to swarm the country and annoy them with their rascalities? Honorable gentlemen might speak feelingly for the Negroes, but they had never

lived among them as he had. He might listen to the morbid philanthropy of gentlemen in favor of the Negro; but they might as well try to change the spots of the leopard as to change the character of these blacks. They would still retain their idle propensities."

Evidently our transatlantic search has not been rewarded; we have not found the black swan aforesaid, so to Africa we must go.

"For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be."

CHAPTER IV.

"For Nature here
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will
Her virgin fancies."

"And bring ye to the place where thou and death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down, unseen,
Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed
With odors."

AFRICA

— is a very great continent, second only to Asia in extent; inferior to all in civilization. Its geographical position toward the other continents is superior to that of any one of them toward the rest.

Westward, is America, but a few days of plain and pleasant sailing off; Europe, on the north, is at two points almost in contact, and the Mediterranean Sea is a much slighter obstacle to communication than the desert of Sahara. On the east, Asia touches, then keeps in sight for fifteen hundred miles and more. To the vast regions of Australia the way is open, the course direct; the wind, for six months of the year, fair to go; for the other six months, fair to come back. Lastly, it stands right in the oldest highways of travel. Ships of all nations pass continually to and fro thereon, many of them within sight from the coast.

Africa is by no means the forbidding country that many suppose. By far the largest portion of it is healthy, pleasant, and fruitful. Nature has not been parsimonious toward her, but bountiful. Things have been laid out on a grand scale there.

The interior is a vast plateau, or table-land, sustaining an average elevation of 4,000 feet above tide level; has many mountains, in ranges and solitary, from 5,000 to 20,000 feet in height. They inclose and nourish a system of lakes, or inland seas, which in turn become the source of great rivers. From thence the Nile, Zambesi, Congo, Niger, and others proceed through many degrees of latitude, and various products, each his several way toward the coast, there to discharge the flood of countless tributaries. Those lakes are navigable, and those rivers to a great extent so. Resident enterprise would soon open to commerce the best part of the continent, from center to circumference.

The face of the country is highly and agreeably diversified. The pleasing, the beautiful, the romantic, the sublime, all are there. Lofty mountains, range beyond range, frown in the front or fade away in the blue distance; solitary peaks rear their head above the clouds to regions of perpetual snow. There are boundless plains, gay with flowers of every hue—laughing hills and smiling valleys, dense forests and park-like woods. Silvery lakes, babbling brooks, crystal fountains, rivers, the dell,

the cliff, the glen, the fragrant groves, enrich the landscape, and proclaim the infinite resources and beauty of prodigal, beneficent nature.

. We will copy some pen-and-ink sketches. Here is one by Livingstone; it represents a scene in Western Africa.

“Below us lay the valley of the Quango. If you sit on the spot where Mary, Queen of Scots, viewed the battle of Langside, and look down on the vale of Clyde, you may see, in miniature, the glorious sight which a much greater and richer valley presented to our view. It is about a hundred miles broad, clothed with dark forests, except where the light green grass covers meadow lands on the Quango, which here and there glances out in the sun as it wends its way to the north. The opposite side of this great valley appears like a range of lofty mountains, and the descent into it, about a mile, which, measured perpendicularly, may be from a thousand to twelve hundred feet. Emerging from the gloomy forests of Londa, this magnificent prospect made us feel as if a weight had been lifted off our eyelids. A cloud was passing across the middle of the valley, from which the rolling thunder pealed, while above, all was glorious sunlight.”*

Here is another; still further to the westward—Cabinda.—“It is situated in a beautiful glen,

* *Missionary Travels and Researches, &c.* N. Y.: 1858. p. 38.

and surrounded by plantations of bananas and manioc.—As we looked back toward the open pastoral country of Ambaca, the broad, green, gently undulating plains seemed in a hollow, surrounded on all sides by rugged mountains; and as we went westward, we were entering upon quite a wild-looking mountainous district.—The whole district is extremely beautiful.—Some clusters of hills look like the waves of the sea driven into a narrow, open bay, and have assumed the same form, as if, when all were chopping up perpendicularly, they had suddenly been congealed.—The high hills all around, with towering palms on many points, made this spot appear more like the Bay of Rio de Janeiro in miniature than any scene I ever saw; and all who have seen that, confess it to be unequalled in the world beside.”*

Further on, we have “pictures which angels might enjoy—scenes, the very essence of beauty, all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth.—Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others resemble the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from any thing witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight.”† Wherever this pilgrim goes, he finds something to excite enthusiasm and

* Travels and Researches, p. 415, *passim*.

† Id., p. 558.

call for all the colors of florid description. In regions remote from those already visited, still he descants, as over an exhaustless theme :—

“ Looking back from an elevation of 1,000 feet, we had a lovely prospect. The eye takes in at a glance the valley beneath, and the many windings of the silver stream Hubula, from the shady hill-side where it emerges in foaming haste, to where it slowly glides into the tranquil Shire. Then, the Shire itself is seen for many a mile above and below Chibisas, and the great level country beyond, with its numerous green woods, until the prospect west and northwest is bounded far away by masses of peaked and dome-shaped blue mountains that fringe the highlands of the Maravi country.”*

Scenery of Nyassa—a lake more than two hundred miles long, and from fifty to sixty miles broad, in its widest part.

The water, except a narrow strip near the shore, has the deep-blue or indigo tint of the Indian Ocean. “ Northward, the mountains become loftier and present some magnificent views, range towering beyond range, until the dim, lofty outlines project against the sky-bound prospect. Little further north, the plain becomes more narrow until it disappears altogether, and the mountains rise abruptly out of the lake, forming the southeast

* Expedition to the Zambesi. London: 1866. p. 111.

boundary of what is described to us as an extensive table-land—pasturage, and agricultural.”*

Livingstone traversed Africa from west to east; Speke† traversed it from south to north, and saw altogether different countries. He found uplands as picturesque “as the middle heights of the Himalayas,” and “valleys watered by little brooks far richer and even prettier than the highlands above,” and under the equator, “a beautiful sheet of water lying snugly within the folds of the hills,” which he christened “the Little Windermere.”‡

“The whole scenery was most beautiful. Green and fresh—the slopes of the hills were covered with grass, with small clumps of soft cloudy-looking acacias growing at a few feet only above the water, and above them, facing over the hills, fine detached trees, and here and there the gigantic medicinal aloe.”‡

Another view of the same region—“The whole of the scenery, hill, dale and lake, was extremely beautiful—a picture of the Rio scenery, barring that of the higher mountains in the background of that lovely place, which are here represented by the most beautiful little hills.”§

At length the adventurous traveler stands on the banks of the Nile, not far from the lake that pours its waters forth.

* Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 393.

† Journal of Discovery of the Source of the Nile, by John Hanning Speke, Captain, H. M. Indian Army. N. Y. : 1864.

‡ Id., p. 215.

§ Id., p. 363.

"Most beautiful was the scene; nothing could surpass it. It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park, with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, flowing between high grassy banks with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the N'Sunnu—antelope—and hartebeest could be seen grazing."*

Proceeding on up toward the lake he came to certain rapids. "The scene was more fairy-like, wild and romantic, than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—any thing I ever saw outside of a theater. Even the Wanguna—freedmen from the coast—seemed spell-bound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us that night was setting in and we had better look out for lodgings."†

He sees the great basin, Victoria Nyanza—a lake about 240 miles from east to west, and 280 from north to south—where the mysterious river first sets out from under the equator, on its course to the Mediterranean. One glimpse of the scenery, with the man in it, and we turn to another collection.

"This day also I spent watching the fish flying at the falls, and felt as if I only wanted a wife and family, garden and yacht, rifle and rod, to make me happy here for life, so charming was the place."‡

* Speke, p. 421. † Id., p. 425. ‡ Id., p. 431.

Sir Samuel Baker explored Africa from the north by the way of the Nile.

The Lower Nile has been "done" and overdone by all sorts of tourists—besides it is not exactly Negroland—therefore we will skip it and join this traveler in that picturesque region which lies east of the White Nile, and extends along the south-west borders of Abyssinia; from thence through a new country, we will accompany him to his point of destination southward; the great Reservoir, Albert Nyanza, from whence *the* river takes its second and final departure for the sea.

As elsewhere, we have every variety of landscape. There is a striking recurrence of "superb views," "delightful shades," "park-like woods and plains," "distant mountain ranges," "cloud-capped peaks," "beautiful, well-wooded hills," "rolling prairies," "laughing fountains," and all the other paraphernalia of lavish decoration.

We will copy only three of his sketches. The first is in the Obbo country:—

"The next morning at six commenced the most lovely march that I have ever made in Africa. Winding through the very bosom of the mountains, well covered with forest, until the bare granite peaks towered above all vegetation to the height of about 5,000 feet, we continued through narrow valleys bordered by abrupt spurs of the mountains from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high. On the peak of each was a village; evidently these impregnable

positions were chosen for security. At length the great ascent was to be made, and for two hours we toiled up a steep zigzag pass. The air was most invigorating; beautiful wild flowers, some of which were highly scented, ornamented the route, and innumerable wild grape-vines hung in festoons from tree to tree.—We arrived at the summit of the pass.—The scenery was very fine; to the east and southeast, masses of high mountains, while to the west and southwest were vast tracts of park-like country of intense green.”*

Second sketch.

“Shoa was a lovely place. A fine granite mountain ascended in one block, in a sheer precipice for about 800 feet from its base, perfectly abrupt on its eastern side, while the other portions of the mountain were covered with fine forest trees, and picturesquely dotted over with villages. This country formed a natural park, remarkably well watered by numerous rivulets, ornamented with fine timber, and interspersed with numerous high rocks of granite, which from a distance produced the effect of ruined castles.”†

Proceeding through much scenery like this, we reach the end of our journey, and copy our third and last sketch. It is an occasion of great triumph, accompanied by a spectacle of deep interest.

* Albert Nyanza, p. 207.

† Id., p. 280.

“The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me. There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level. I was about 1,500 feet above the lake.—After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water’s edge.—The beach was perfectly clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weed, precisely as sea-weed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach; while far to the southwest the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side, pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake, that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had

ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water.”— They embark in canoes down the lake.—“ Our first day’s voyage was very delightful. The lake was calm, the sky cloudy, and the scenery most lovely. At times the mountains on the west coast were not discernible, and the lake appeared of indefinite width. We coasted within a hundred yards of the east shore. Sometimes we passed flats of sand and bush of, perhaps, a mile in width, from the water to the base of the mountain; at other times we passed directly underneath stupendous heights of about 1,500 feet, which ascended abruptly from the deep.—In the clefts were beautiful evergreens of every tint, including giant euphorbias; and wherever a rivulet or a spring glittered through the dark foliage of a ravine, it was shaded by the graceful and feathery wild date.”*

He was thirteen days on this voyage; found the water deep close in shore, and beautifully clear. The scenery, as he progressed, was of unabated interest, and highly diversified.

This continent has a very fertile soil. Baker calls it a “magnificent soil;” to Speke it is a land of “surprising fertility.” Livingstone says:— “It is as capable of supporting millions of inhabitants as it is of its thousands. The grass of the Barotse Valley, for instance, is such a densely

* Travels and Researches, p. 831, *passim*.

matted mass that, when 'laid,' the stalks bear each other up, so that one feels as if walking on the sheaves of a haystack."*

It yields abundantly all manner of food and other supplies for sustenance, enjoyment, and luxury.

There are—wheat, maize, caffre corn, rice, flax, coffee, tobacco, sugar, spices, precious gums, bananas, plantains, sweet potatoes, dates, guavas, cocoa-nuts, figs, a great variety of yams, delicious plums, grapes, and berries, oranges, honey; numerous edible roots, herbs, and fruits, not yet known to commerce; water-melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, onions, peas, cabbages, tomatoes, cotton, indigo and other dye-stuffs; flowering trees, plants, and minor shrubs in great variety and abundance.

As with the flora so is it with the fauna. To say nothing of the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, and other grass-eating animals of formidable size, whereof herds roam the forest, there are horned-cattle in great plenty, goats, sheep, pigs, antelopes—a great variety—the ass, donkey, zebra, squirrel, hare, and many other animals, strange to use but useful.

Of fowl—the guinea-fowl is in prodigious numbers; next come—geese, ducks, almost every species of water-fowl; then—partridges, pigeons, the domestic fowl, plover, snipe, and other small game. There stalks the gay flamingo, and the

* Travels and Researches, p. 289.

silly ostrich, making a noise so like the skulking lion's roar that Livingstone could "distinguish between them with certainty only by knowing that the ostrich roars by day and the lion by night." There too, enlivening the woods and groves, are countless birds of song and birds of plumage, the canary, mocking-bird, thrush, lark, cuckoo, black-bird, jay, turtle-dove, the charming little sun-bird, the red-throated black-weaver, with its long train of magnificent plumes, and a great variety of others. "The brown kite, the spotted cuckoo, the roller and hornbill, with their loud high notes are occasionally heard, though generally their harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds, poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May."*

Then, too, the waters abound with fish, in great variety, and of excellent quality.

Nature teems with life in Africa. All of the species named, or nearly all, are her voluntary contributions, gathered with little labor and less care.

But what about the more obstinate supplies; those which require some degree of effort to obtain, some amount of skill and knowledge to improve; those which especially promote progress and minister to the wants of civilization?

* Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 75

Africa has an inexhaustible supply of the best timber known to the arts.

Her hills and mountains furnish—granite, black-mixed, pink, gray, and white; of syenite, a variety has been found with a beautiful blue tinge like lapis-lazuli:—sandstone, of which one variety is described by Speke as like a beef-sandwich, purple alternating with creamy-white. Marble, white, black, blue, yellow, pink, mottled, veined. Plumbago, salt, saltpeter, sal-ammoniac, niter, sulphur, emery are abundant. Liberia, Sierra Leone, Upper Senegal, Timbuctoo, the Congo chain of mountains, Upper Egypt, Soudan, Darfour, the Latooka country, Southern Africa, yield plenty of iron. Sometimes it exists in lumps on the surface of the ground; at others, in veins, cropping out of mountains, or cliffs. Livingstone mentions a cliff-vein in the Zambesi Valley, twenty-five feet thick. He sank a shaft in it thirty feet, and found—as was to be expected—that the deeper he went the purer the ore became. In company with the iron is coal, vast fields, tracts of it, in beds, exposed seams, and cliff sections. Copper, of excellent quality, is abundant; it is found in dolomite, and in the ore. The Little Namaqua country has vast deposits of it, said to be the most valuable in the world. Gold is found in most of the rivers, and on the Mozambique and Gold Coasts. It is washed from the sand; no effort is made to reach matrix or vein.

Our knowledge of the mineral wealth of Africa is necessarily incomplete. It is derived chiefly from a superficial view of the country. Travelers are not always geologists, nor do they often go prepared to explore beneath the surface. But, enough has been discovered to show its great importance and the inducements it offers to industry, enterprise, skill and science.

The negro population is variously estimated at from 86,000,000 to 145,000,000.

CHAPTER V.

"A boundless Continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night."
"Perhaps in this sequestered spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

THE NEGRO AT HOME.

It is not a very inviting subject, yet, if the negro is to become our political associate and equal; if he is to be the master of our countrymen, and perhaps our own, it is time we became acquainted with him. If he is to continue the pet of feminine sensibility; the pattern for its worsted work, the fashion for its hair and trinkets, feminine sensibility can surely stand the shock of his "normal" condition, manners, tastes, habits, and peculiar virtues.

Could the reader be transported to some one of the snow-clad heights overlooking Central Africa, and from thence behold, as in a panorama, the aborigines of that great continent in their nations, tribes and families; their daily life, behavior, and customs; he would witness, though he might not enjoy, a very extraordinary spectacle; one for which he can not be prepared either by reading, meditation, or fancy in her strangest moods.

Wild, tumultuous, tossed like the vexed sea, a mass of naked life rolls by, concourse after concourse, a line interminable. It seems demoniac rather than human, yet 'tis human. There are—a fierce uproar of shouts and shrieks, of yells and groans, the bloody, lustful torments, the filthy orgies—the mocking exulting dance, the stunning monotonous accompaniment of rude drums and horns, sights and sounds which cause the flesh to creep, the heart to sicken; things monstrous, incredible, which give no show of reason, and are worse than brutish. Life compounded of slavery and despotism, alternating between violence and debauchery. Blood, blood, everywhere, on everybody; it reddens the ground, pollutes the air, and Death, the dead and dying, mangled and mutilated, lay in heaps around. It is a spectacle which affects alike the most hardened and the most sensitive of our race.

“Startled, amazed, appalled,
With shuddering horror, pale, and eyes aghast,”

—Exeter Hall sentimentalists turn and flee the place, wiser, perhaps, than when they came. You and I, my countrymen, can not flee; hard necessity constrains us to draw even closer to the scenes so moving. We must come down from our point of observation to mingle with the throng, and learn some particulars of that being whose sum of life is so strange, perverse, abominable.

Such an undertaking requires guides. We shall have them; travelers who know the country well. Some of them have already been introduced.

We find these people, of all shades, from jet-black to tallow-color; differing in stature, from the shriveled dwarf of four feet two, to the very satisfactory height of six feet two. Some have the hair thick and bushy, others have it close and matted like felt; others, again, have it very scanty, scattered over the scalp in tufts, or little knots like pepper corns. The color of it runs from black to a sort of dirty sunburnt red. All is the same article, not to be questioned, an imbricated, twisted, woolly product. With some the nose is not so flat and spreading as with others, the mouth not so pug, the lips not so full and pouty, chin and forehead not so retreating. In short, there are many varieties of them, but only one type—the Negro. Whatever modifications or peculiarities he may present, there is no doubt of his identity; he is not to be mistaken for any other type of mankind.

“Taking the Negro as a whole, one does not find very marked or much difference between them.”*

“Looking back on the way we had passed through, one apparently identical race of Negroes overspread the entire land from the coast, *i. e.*,—Zanzibar—to Gondokoro, and onward down the Nile, that is to say, if you leave off their tribal marks, their dress, and their dialects, it would, I

* Speke, Journal of Discovery, Int., p. 22.

believe, be impossible to distinguish the natives of one part from those of another."*

"I have heard the traders of Khartoum pretend that they can distinguish the tribes of the White Nile by their individual type. I must confess my inability on this point. In vain I have attempted to trace an actual difference. To me the only distinguishing mark between the tribes bordering the White River, is a peculiarity in either dressing the hair or in ornament. The difference of general appearance caused by a variety of hair dressing is most perplexing, and is apt to mislead a traveler who is only a superficial observer; but from the commencement of the Negro tribes in N. lat. 12° to Ellyria† in lat. 4° 30," I have found no specific difference in the people. The actual change takes place suddenly on arrival in Latooka, and this is accounted for by an admixture with the Gallas."‡

Livingstone, from the evidence before him, con-

* Grant, Address before London Geo. So. (Ann. S. Dis., 1864.)

† Ellyria is on the southwest of Abyssinia. The Gallas are Abyssinians. The ruling race descendants of a Caucasian type. They are at the head of several kingdoms or tribes of Central Africa which they have subjugated. Generally, they do not allow the females of their blood to mingle with the Negro, compelling total abstinence rather; they are by no means so particular with the males, who mingle freely with the aborigines; consequently the former are nearly extinct from necessity, the latter from choice; these while they yet retain the nose with a bridge on it, and other traits of origin, are by amalgamation fast becoming wholly negroid.

‡ Baker, *Albert Nyanza*, p. 140.

cludes, "all the country north of 20° S. lat. to be real negro," and the people "to have been originally one family."*

Chaillu is of the same opinion with regard to the tribes of Eastern, Western, and Central Africa.†

Professor Lepsius in a letter from which we quote, makes an unit of these opinions:—

"You speak of a gradation of the people of the continent of Africa from the Cape to the North. It is a curious fact that the languages of the Bushmen and of the Hottentots are essentially different from the languages of all the rest of the continent to the equator, and, what is perhaps still more curious, their language bears some characteristics which are not found but in the languages of the northeast of Africa. All the continent of Africa had, in my opinion, at a certain period a parent population, and, consequently, its languages were also analogous. At a later period Asiatics emigrated from the northeast. The mixture of races produced a large zone of people and of languages, dispersed and apparently different, to be found now between the Line, and the 15° of N. lat. These languages have lost their African, without having acquired the Asiatic, character; *but the basis both of the languages and of the blood is African.*"‡

* Travels and Researches, pp. 342, 471, 631.

† Ann. S. Dis., 1866-7.

‡ Types of Mankind (Nott and Gliddon), p. 233.

ORIGINAL.

"Vous parlez d'une gradation des peuples du continent d'Afri-

The African is a very peculiar being, an irregular compound of childishness, virility, and age. In emotion, thought, imagination, to the day of his death, childish—in action, all three.

“Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”

Trifles engage his most devout attention. He will wrangle and dispute, hours together, for a strip of colored cotton. When the contest for possession is decided he proceeds to try it on; 'tis a very serious affair—now this way and then that; finally adjusted, how fantastic the wear, not that which serves to screen his nakedness, but that which sets it off; generally he carries his plumage as the peacock carries his, and thus adorned goes strutting about, the bare and greasy burlesque of a “swell.” Hold a piece of tinsel paper up to him or a jumping-jack, and he will worship you—till he gets it. He will sell himself for a peck of colored beads

que depuis le Cap jusqu'à dans le nord. Il y a un fait bien curieux, que les langues des Hottentots et des Bushmans sont essentiellement différentes des langues de tout le reste du continent jusqu'à l'équateur. Et ce qui est, peut-être, encore plus curieux, leur langue porte quelques traits caractéristiques qui ne se retrouvent que dans les langues du nord-est de l'Afrique. . . . Tout le continent Africain avait, selon mon idée, dans un certain temps, une population parente, et les langues par conséquent analogues aussi. Plus tard les peuples Asiatiques immigraient du nord-est. Le mélange des races produisait ce large bandeau de peuples et de langues dispersés et apparemment incohérents qui se trouvent maintenant entre la ligne et le 15^{me} degré lat. nord. Ces langues ont perdu leur caractère Africain sans acquérir le caractère Asiatique; *mais le fond des langues et du sang est Africain.*”

and be happy over the "swop." He will prefer a brass button to a sovereign, because it has an eye, and he can dangle it from his neck. The magic-lantern was the only sermon Livingstone was ever called on to repeat; and a scarlet blanket will put a whole village in commotion. Show dazzles him; he never inquires after what it signifies, the outside is all. He is filled with the self-importance of fantastic imitation, and as well satisfied with any absurd sham as a little boy at play.

"The African preserves the instincts of infancy in the higher races. He astonished the enlightened De Gama, some centuries ago, by rejecting with disdain, jewels, gold and silver, whilst he caught greedily at beads and other baubles, as a child snatches at a new plaything.—To the present day he is the same. There is something painfully ludicrous in the expression of countenance, the intense and all-absorbing admiration with which he contemplates the rubbish."*

It is almost impossible to draw his attention to any thing serious; toys and trifles, diversified with diabolism, engross his life. He is never in earnest except at play, mischief, or in pursuit of some infernal rapture. Next to destroying things himself, he enjoys seeing them destroyed by others. He is afraid of the dark, peoples it with bugbears, therefore carouses all night, making a great noise

* Lake Regions of Central Africa, vol. I., p. 147. London: 1860.

to keep the devil off, and sleeps in the day;—is subject to unaccountable gusts of passion, with cunning enough, however, to know when such humors may be safely indulged. Sulky or sociable by fits and starts, easily moved to tears or smiles, senseless and irrational in his pleasures, plans, passions, and brutalities; the sport of impulse, whim, and exaggerated self-conceit; you can not rely on him, do not know how to take him. What pleases one moment, may put him in a rage the next, and he will vent his spleen, spite, passion, on a stone or a dog, or a woman, or any other helpless thing, just as a child would take a stick and beat “you naughty, naughty chair.” He is futile, fickle, perverse; has neither patience nor fortitude; is restless, unstable, incapable of sustained effort, capricious, contradictory, notional, and not to be relied on to do even such things as ordinarily please him. He is tractable or intractable, stubborn or pliable, kind or cruel, faithful or treacherous, as freak may dictate; stingy, grasping, avaricious, yet reckless, wasteful, improvident, without care, economy, or forethought.

But worse than childishness is his premature senility. With him, nature appears to have finished where, with other races, she has scarcely begun. Mentally, morally, he is at his best when a child, and grows no more. He seems to be held within very contracted limits, without the ability or the inclination to enlarge them. If he acquire new habits,

it is by imitation only (monkey-like) of an example continually before him.

"There is no speculation in those eyes that thou dost glare with."

His mind is devoid of inquiry and suggestion. The present is every thing; there is not a particle of remoteness in his thoughts or inclinations. He puts out no feelers; has no curiosity, no desire to learn, nothing in him craves moral or intellectual food. It is always dead low-water with him. He dozes, stagnates, except when roused by evil passions; his slumbers that way are cat-like, and his awakenings, to more than a tiger's excesses.

Possessing a land that abounds in mineral wealth and the most important vegetable products, all in a state calculated to prompt inquiry, suggest invention, reward industry, stimulate enterprise, insure prosperity, promote progress, he has passed his long life in idleness, sensuality, and warfare, indifferent, insensible to every thing else. Lavish nature has made of him neither the spendthrift nor the miser he is. Her gifts offer no attraction; they fail to disturb his apathy, much more to awaken his desires.

Livingstone, referring to the 'coal-beds of Southern Africa, writes :—

"Many lumps of coal, brought down by the current, lie in the channel of the Zambesi. The natives do not know its use, have never discovered that it will burn, and, when informed, shook their heads

incredulously, smiled, and thought it was a traveler's story."*

Of a tribe inhabiting near the coast, and long in contact with civilization, the same writer says:—

"The acmé of respectability among the Bechuanas, is the possession of cattle and a wagon. It is remarkable that, though these latter require frequent repairs, none of the Bechuanas have ever learned to mend them. Forges and tools have been at their service, and teachers willing to aid them; but, beyond putting together a camp-stool, no effort has ever been made to acquire a knowledge of the trades. They observe most carefully a missionary at work until they understand whether a tire is well welded or not, and then pronounce upon its merits with great emphasis; but there, their ambition rests satisfied."†

"The most remarkable proof of the inferiority of the Negro, when compared with the Asiatics, is that, whilst the latter has domesticated the elephant for ages, and rendered it highly useful to man, the Negro has only slaughtered the animal to obtain food or ivory."‡

Though dead to the substantial and useful, perhaps he is quickened by the imaginative and sentimental? Not at all. Surrounded by the romantic and beautiful, he has never admired.

* Expedition to the Zambesi. London: 1867. p. 137.

† Travels and Researches, p. 123.

‡ Albert Nyanza, p. 487, note.

Though living among the mountains, those "old familiar" objects are not old and familiar to him; he has never explored their snow-clad heights or been impressed by their isolated grandeur. He regards them without fondness and quits them without regret. To the varied and impressive natural phenomena peculiar to that country he is wholly indifferent, except as moved by superstition and groveling dread. Livingstone noticed there the strong electrical effect of certain atmospheric conditions—causing, in a wind, "the movement of a native in his karosse to produce therein a stream of small sparks. The first time I noticed this appearance was when a chief was traveling with me in my wagon. Seeing part of the fur of his mantle, which was exposed to slight friction by the movement of the wagon, assume quite a luminous appearance, I rubbed it smartly with the hand, and found it readily gave out bright sparks, accompanied with distinct cracks. 'Don't you see this,' said I. 'The white man did not show us this,' he replied, 'we had it long before white men came into the country, we and our forefathers of old.' The phenomenon had been familiar to the Bechuanas for ages. Nothing came of that, however, for they viewed the sight as with the eyes of an ox. The human mind has remained here as stagnant to the present day, in reference to the physical operations of the universe, as it once did in England. (Quere, when?) No sci-

ence has been developed, and few questions are ever discussed except those which have an intimate connection with the wants of the stomach.”*

Chaillu gives pages of glowing description to “the matchless beauty of African equatorial nights;” the gorgeous apparel of the skies and the enchantments of electrical and meteoric display. His sable guides did not notice those attractive wonders, or, if they noticed them, it was with dread, as Fetisses.

Of course, such a people have no knowledge. How shall they acquire it? What shall they do with it?

When travelers speak of the African’s mind as a blank, the metaphor, as to any thing good, is entirely correct. He has no past; neither in history, traditions, nor romances;—no monuments, or other memorials; no moralists, legislators, heroes, or other great names. Though loquacious and prone to exaggeration, he has neither poetry, song, nor eloquence;—no written language, no letters. Such things are beyond his depth. “It seems to them supernatural that we see in a book things taking place, or having occurred at a distance. No amount of explanation conveys the idea unless they learn to read.”† His lexicon is appropriated to things of sense. The few words that pertain to his contracted region of vague ideas, refer to

* Travels and Researches, p. 137.

† Id., p. 207

superstitions and dreads. Signs to express the virtues and the vices are not there, for, to him, there are no such things. He has no government, except the capricious exercise of despotic power over abject weakness ; no laws, except force, fraud, or guile. Time marks no divisions for him, has no register of the hours, days, weeks, months, seasons, years. He does not know how old he is ; if asked the question, floutingly exclaims : “ How can I know that ! ” Nor can he count a hundred to save his life. Even with chiefs of the Abyssinian or Gallas stock—as Speke and Baker relate—when they would signify three things, or ten, or twenty, they did so by the requisite number of sticks. Though the country abounds with beasts adapted to the use of man, he has not trained one of them for draught or burden. Livingstone first taught him that an ox would carry a man ; and relates that a whole village, of “ between six and seven thousand souls, turned out, *en masse*, to see the wagons in motion. They had never witnessed the phenomenon before.”* He has neither carriage, cart, nor sled. When he travels in state, it is a-foot, or in a rude seat borne on the shoulders of a squad, or, he rides a man neck-straddle, or pickback, boy fashion. The working of machinery is incomprehensible, it awes him, he thinks it alive, lubari-magic. Except in Uganda, where they of the Gallas stock rule,

* Travels and Researches, p. 196.

roads, the first element of progress, are unknown. Money is of no value to him. He knows nothing about its uses :—Nor can you engage his attention long enough to explain it.

Writes Alexander. “I was anxious to ascertain the extent of knowledge among the tribe with which I now dwelt; to learn what they knew of themselves and of men in general, but I must say that they positively knew nothing beyond tracking game and breaking in jack-oxen. They did not know one year from another. They only knew that at certain times the trees and flowers bloom, and the rain was expected. As to their own age they knew no more what it was than idiots. Some had no names. Of numbers, of course, they were nearly or quite ignorant. Few could count above five, and he was a clever fellow who could count his ten fingers.”*

“Naturally Africa has rather the advantage over India. The contrast between the two countries, however, is very striking. In India the evidences of human labor are everywhere apparent, in roads, bridges, stone walls, ruins of temples, and palaces. In Africa, the whole country looks, for all that man has done, just as it did when it came from the hand of its Maker. The only roads are foot-paths, worn by the feet of the natives, in hollows a few inches deep, and about fifteen or eighteen inches wide, winding from village to village. . . .

* Explorations in the Interior of Southern Africa, vol. I., p. 126.

It is a very remarkable fact that, while in many parts of the world the stone, bronze, and iron instruments of men who have passed away have been found, no flint arrow-heads, spears, axes, or other implements of this kind have ever been discovered in Africa.”*

“The races of this Continent seem to have advanced to a certain point, and no further. Their progress in the arts of working iron and copper, in pottery, basket-making, spinning, weaving, making nets, fishing-hooks, spears, axes, knives, needles, &c., appear to have been in the same rude state for centuries.”†

The following, in the Exeter Hall line, yields more than one suggestion: “When we meet those who care not whether we purchase or let it alone, or who think men only want to be in a hurry when fleeing from an enemy, our ideas about time being money, and the power of the purse receive a shock. The state of eager competition which in England wears out both mind and body and makes life bitter, is here, happily unknown! The cultivated spots are mere dots compared with the broad fields of rich soil which are never either grazed or tilled. *Pity that the plenty in store for all from our Father’s bountiful hands is not enjoyed by more.*”‡

Says Baker:—“The natives are not only ignorant of writing but they are without traditions,—

* Expedition to the Zambesi, pp. 559-626.

† Id., p. 559.

‡ Id., p. 104.

their thoughts are as entirely engrossed by their daily wants as animals, thus there is no clew to the distant past ; history has no existence.”*

With civilization on all sides pressing him, the African continues stationary, nor has he ever made a step of progress beyond what was absolutely necessary to a rude and savage existence. He is no better off now than he always has been ; there are—the same low, conical, windowless hut, with a ground entrance about two feet high, the same jargon, habits, customs, utensils, every thing. He has never put up a saw-mill or sawed a stick of timber ; or a grist-mill, or any other kind of mill. Nor has he sunk a mine, opened a quarry, hewed out a piece of stone, or maintained any commerce other than a rude barter of spontaneous products and slaves, for beads, rum, red flannel, and the like.

For ages, the wind has curled the broad surface of those lakes, and sent the sound of tumbling surf to his ears ; yet, not all that boundless watery horizon ; nor dim, distant view of wished-for shore ;—nor favoring gale, could rouse him to a nautical suggestion beyond the primitive canoe and paddle. No keel ever plowed their waters ; nor, till Baker, on Lake Albert, spread his Scotch plaid to the breeze, had bellying sail been seen. The restless sea rolls over sandy beach or breaks against bold bluff ; and not the creak of mast, or block, or spar, or shrill boatswain’s call, or any

* Albert Nyanza, p. 481.

sound, from ship to shore, challenge its idle sway, mingle with the music of its roar.

“How the negro has lived so many ages without advancing seems marvelous, when all the countries surrounding Africa are so forward in comparison; and, judging from the progressive state of the world, one is led to suppose that the African must soon step out of his darkness, or be superseded by a being superior to himself. . . .

. As his fathers ever did so does he. He works his wife, sells his children, enslaves all he can lay hands upon, and, unless when fighting for the property of others, contents himself with drinking, singing, and dancing like a baboon, to drive dull care away.”*

* Speke's Journal. Introduction, p. 24.

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CHAPTER VI.

“Up he starts,
Discovered and surprised.”

“Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.”

“SELLS his children, enslaves all he can lay hands upon.”—It suggests the next topic : Slavery.

Caucasians by the million have been helots, serfs, bondsmen, in a word, slaves; in Greece, Italy, France, England. Long ago that slavery ceased. Its history, if written, would show that it ceased, not suddenly, nor by violence, nor by external influences, but gradually, peacefully, by means operating from within on the class enslaved, thence radiating on society at large. As civilization progressed, knowledge was diffused, it reached the ignorant half-brutish slave, instinctively he laid hold of it. It roused his dormant faculties, gradually but surely brought him to a quality of manhood with which slavery became more and more inconsistent, and, finally, impossible.

Knowledge, in whomsoever can improve it, asserts a will of its own. It must be free to be useful. In proportion as it becomes capable, in that proportion it becomes free, till, finally—he can be no man's slave who is all men's equal. The general

interest coincides with the interests of the individual. Society demands the best service of every one of its members. The fetters of the slave, to use the common figure, were not stricken off, they rusted away, every year became lighter and lighter, till scarce a filament was left to be broken and tossed among the rubbish of past ages.

“Who would be free, himself must strike the blow.”

All over Africa, man is a slave; a piece of property; the legal tender, the currency of the country. In many places he is an article of consumption, as well as of use and barter.

Thus it has been from time immemorial, and thus it will continue to be, unless African nature becomes something of which, as yet, there is no sign.

“Perhaps it would be speaking within compass to say that four-fifths of the whole population of this country, the Eboe, likewise every other, hereabouts, are slaves.”* Canot puts domestic slavery as including five-sixths of the population.†

Most of the tribes are what is called “despotic,” or “subject” tribes—that is, the people are the property of their chiefs, and may be killed or otherwise disposed of at his pleasure. Those that are not subject tribes, in common with the rest, make slave-hunting their chief business.

* Lander's Niger, vol. I., p. 345.

† Twenty Years of an African Slaver. Appleton: 1866. p. 127.

Slavery is a domestic, as well as a public institution. It is a matter of course for the African to be a slave, or a slave-holder, or both. In some places, the children are the property of the father, in others, of the uncle. A man's family is his wealth, his stock in trade. He will sell father, mother, sister, brother, wife, children, the whole concern, himself included, if necessary, or even convenient.

Livingstone gives an instance of the latter. A free black, an intelligent, active young fellow, called Chibanti, who had been his pilot on the Zambesi, told him that he had sold himself into slavery for three thirty-yard pieces of cotton cloth; with two of the pieces he bought a man, woman, and child, had one piece left, "thought he had done a very clever thing, and did not regret it in the least."* He then states: "Occasionally some of the free blacks become slaves voluntarily, by going through the simple, but significant ceremony of breaking a spear in the presence of their future masters." Wherever this traveler went he found slave-hunters or fugitives. At one place was a tribe of fugitives, "Selling each other, when on the point of starvation, not for grain, but cloth, of which there is no lack."†

This traffic and pursuit of slaves is, chiefly, for domestic uses. Says Barthe: "There can be no

* Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 55.

† Id., p. 417.

doubt that the most horrible evil connected with slavery is slave-hunting, and this, not only for supplying the foreign market, but in a far more extensive degree, for supplying the wants of domestic slavery.”*

Canot, after stating that if all commerce with Africa were interdicted, slavery as a domestic institution, would continue, according to the laws and customs of the people, gives two reasons for it.—First: The perpetual, rancorous family quarrels and wars amongst tribes and parts of tribes. Second: The necessities of the currency. “The financial genius of Africa, instead of devising bank-notes, or the precious metals as a circulating medium, has from time immemorial declared that a human creature, *the true representative and embodiment of labor*, is the most valuable article on earth. A man, therefore, becomes the standard of prices. A slave is a note of hand,” &c.;† therefore, they must always have slaves.

Says Duncan :—“It will seem strange, but it is no less true, that the majority of Africans will sell their own offspring with much less reluctance than an Englishman would part with a favorite dog.”‡

And Lander :—“It may appear strange that I should dwell so long on the subject, for it seems quite natural that every one, even the thoughtless

* Northern and Central Africa. London: pref. p. xiii.

† Thirty Years of an African Slaver, p. 127.

‡ Travels in Western Africa, vol. I., p. 262.

barbarian, would feel, at least, some slight emotion on being exiled from his native land and enslaved ; but so far is this from being the case, that Africans, generally speaking, betray the most perfect indifference on losing their liberty and being deprived of their relatives, while love of country is seemingly as great a stranger to their breasts as social tenderness and domestic affection.”*

This traveler, in the course of his explorations, experienced one of the common vicissitudes of African life. He became, innocently enough, *spolia opima*. Thus was the booty disposed of :—

“The king then said, with a serious countenance, that there was no necessity for further discussion respecting the white men. His mind was made up on that subject.—That circumstances having thrown us in the way of his subjects, by the laws and usages of the country he was not only entitled to our persons, but had equal rights to those of our attendants. That he should take no further advantage of his good fortune than by exchanging us for as much English goods as would amount, in value, to twenty slaves.”†

A very artless and simple-minded traveler tells of a venture he made in black ivory :—

“At the hut of Kinza, a kaffer chief, I asked, experimentally, the price of one of his daughters, a lusty-looking black damsel of about eighteen, who appeared to have no objection to accompanying our

* Niger, vol. II., p. 208.

† Ibid., vol. II., p. 225.

party. She was valued at twenty cows, a moderate price for a princess. I told her to go for her wardrobe, but she said she had nothing but the carosse on her back and the cap on her head. I then said that there was a spare horse for her, but she preferred walking. It was delightful to see so much humility joined to such rank."*(!)

A little further on, he informs the reader that the market-price of women varied from one to twenty, and even as high as fifty cows, and delivers thereon as follows:—"It is pleasant and grateful to see the sex taking their true station and value in society."

"Dear Sensibility, Oh la!"

Moffat, of a certain chief, says:—"His word was law; his people and all they had, were his property; no one appeared to have a will of his own."†

"In the despotic races, the subjects are reduced to the lowest state of servility. All, except the magicians and counselors, are soldiers and slaves. The king has unlimited power of life and death (which he exercises without squeamishness), and a general right of sale over his subjects. . . . The origin of slavery in Eastern Africa is veiled in the gloom of the past; at present it is almost univer-

* Four Years in Southern Africa. Cowper S. Rose, Royal Engineer. London: 1829. p. 186.

† Missionary Labors and Scenes, &c., p. 363.

sal. In times of necessity a man will part with his parents, wives, children, and, when they fail, will sell himself without shame.”*

“In his own country he was a savage, and enslaved his brother man; he thus became a victim to his own system, to the institution of slavery, that is indigenous to the soil of Africa, *and that has not been taught to the African by the white man*, as is currently reported. The first act of a slave was *to procure a slave for himself*. All the best slave-hunters, and the boldest and most energetic scoundrels, were the negroes who had at one time themselves been kidnapped. It was in vain that I attempted to reason with them against the principles of slavery. They thought it wrong when they themselves were the sufferers, but were always ready to indulge in it when the preponderance of power lay upon their side.”†

* Burton—Lake Regions, vol. II., p. 360, et seq.

† Baker—Albert Nyanza, pp. 198-9.

CHAPTER VII.

"Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save where the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend."

"First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifices and parents' tears."

"Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself."

It need not startle the reader to be told that this being, this man—who looks upon himself and everybody else as a piece of temporal property, and chiefly valuable as such—knows nothing about the soul, does not know that he has a soul;—knows nothing about God; does not know that there is a God.

Africans have their local customs and peculiarities, but the general, prevailing notions and practices of all are substantially alike.

This similarity was one of Livingstone's reasons for assigning a common origin to all the tribes north of 20° south latitude.*

All take the same view of life, its objects, hopes, and fears. Its objects and hopes are of sensual enjoyments—nothing more; the intellectual

* Travels and Researches, p. 631.

has no place among them ; they fail to comprehend, much less do they appreciate it. Its fears are, of physical pain and death—from that, they shrink with horror ; it is—to quit every thing that is good, and go into utter darkness—a darkness full of hobgoblins and every other fantastic terror of a childish imagination. They people nature with invisible, malignant powers, emanations from the living, the dead, from all things animate and inanimate. Good powers, good spirits, good influences, they never entertained the notion of. Body and spirit are one and the same ; all is body. Missionaries have worked with them patiently, zealously, intelligently, for more than three hundred years, but they have utterly failed in the attempt to teach them that there is a God, a heaven, and that they had immortal souls to save. The answer to all, came to us, as it were, but the other day—“ We do not go up to God, as you do, we are put into the ground.”

The white man's religion they do not feel at all, it does not express any thing with which they can sympathize. It strikes no chords in their nature, only discords. They look at it from their own stand-point, and get no further than the church bell ; that, they regard with fear, as a Fetisch, but do not trust it, because it is the white man's Fetisch and not theirs. Their nature never soars or looks above, beyond, nor inquires, as the little white child does, about the future, the twinkling stars, the God in heaven. Nor is any effort ever

made to contemplate the spiritual, the Infinite, Supreme, in glory, goodness, and power. They dislike to hear such things talked about. Every instinct, desire, passion of their being, is opposed to them. For, they threaten to disturb, dispossess them of the only heaven they know and care for; which is, to go prone on their belly, like the serpent of old, creeping amongst all loathsome, all accursed things.

Their religion, if it deserves that name, is one of dread. It does not contain the germ of a moral sentiment or recognize a moral rule of action. They neither love, praise, nor adore. They fear, they know not what, nor where, some malignant influence threatening their plans, pleasures, lives. They have many fears, are haunted by them. The dreaded unseen they seek to propitiate by congenial devotions. Evils are averted and benefits secured by means of jujus, greegrees, fetiches. These are of any thing caprice may indicate—a snake, lizard, lump of mud, stick, tooth of dog, scale of fish, claw of tiger, bone of child—it matters not what. The caprice which adopts, discards; there is nothing rational in the choice or the rejection, all is impulse. Their being they attribute to procreation. This power they worship in ways appropriate to their nature; the more indecent and outrageous, the more acceptable. To conclude, the whole is made up of black magic in all its conjugations of sorcery, divination, witchcraft, necromancy, incantation, cemented and plas-

tered over with blood, cruelty, and inconceivable nastiness.

We are told of an exception to the excesses of the rule. The Bagers—a peaceful inoffensive tribe of the west interior “have no jujus, fetiches, gre-grees, no worship, no God, no evil spirit. Their dead are buried without tears or ceremony, and their hereafter is oblivion.” *

The accounts to follow, will give little that is even as mild as this.

To begin with the earlier travelers, take Purchas's collection. Western Africa. “The captain doth all by enchantment, and taketh the devil's counsel in all his exploits. He is always making sacrifices to the devil and doth know many times what shall happen unto him.† When the great Giaga Coramba undertakes any enterprise against the inhabitants of any country, he maketh a sacrifice to the devil, in the morning before the sun riseth. . . . Then the witches bring his *Casengala*, which is a weapon like a hatchet, and put it into his hands, and bid him be strong against his enemies, for his *Makiso* is with him, and presently, there is a man child brought, which forth-

* Twenty Years of an African Slaver, p. 123. Note.

† *Voila*—Modern Spiritualism—and Shakespeare.

“But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.”

with he killeth. Then are four men brought before him, two whereof, as it happeneth, he presently striketh and killeth; and the other two he commandeth to be killed without the fort.”* All the other narratives in this work give similar accounts, and tell us “they embrace no religion at all, but live in a brutish state.”—“They are destitute of all religion, given to incantations and sorceries.”—“They have no knowledge of God.”—“They have no God,” &c., &c. Somewhat later, comes Sir Thomas Herbert, who says that “the inhabitants here, along the golden coast of Guinea and Benin—but especially in the Mediterranean—interior parts—have no God, nor are willing to be instructed by nature. . . . Howbeit, the devil, who will not want his ceremony, has infused prodigious idolatry into their hearts, enough to relish his pallet and aggrandize their tortures. . . . These countries are full of black-skinned wretches, rich in earth, but miserable in demonomy. . . . Let one character serve for all. For color, they resemble chimney-sweepers, unlike them in this, they are of no profession, except rapine and villainy make one; *Demonis omnia plena.*”†

Content with this glimpse of the past, we turn to our own age and times.

Moffat, writing of the Bushman, says: “He knows no God, knows nothing of eternity, yet dreads death,

* Purchas—his Pilgrimes, vol. II. p. 978. London: 1625.

† Fletcher’s Studies on Slavery, p. 128.

and has no shrine at which he leaves his cares or sorrows. We can scarcely conceive of human beings descending lower." The Bechuanas "have no God, no idol, no worship, no ideas of religion, a future state, any thing but sensual existence and enjoyments. There are no altars, temples, sacrifices," but all manner of rain-doctors, conjurers, fetishes.* Among the people of the Niger valley, Lander found "the worst species of paganism, that which sanctions and enjoins the sacrifice of human beings, and other abominations, and the worship of imaginary demons and fiends. . . . Regardless of the past, as reckless of the future, the present alone influences their actions. In this respect they approach nearer to the brute creation than, perhaps, any other people on the face of the globe."†

Major Lang reports the natives, wherever he went, as pagans, dealing in witchcraft, depraved, licentious, indolent and avaricious. At one place, Falaboo,—The Gregree (medicine) man, was head-dressed with skulls and thigh-bones. Of one tribe he remarks: "Though many of these people have resided some years among Europeans, I never met with a solitary instance of one embracing the Christian faith."‡

* Moffat.—*Missionary Labors and Scenes*. N. Y.: 1842. p. 46, *passim*.

† Lander's *Niger*, vol. I., pp. 77-176. London: 1830.

‡ *Travels in Western Africa*. London: 1821.

Says a later traveler : " Notwithstanding that some people maintain that there is no nation on earth without religion in some form, however faintly it may be traced in their minds, yet, after much diligent inquiry, I could not discover the slightest feeling of devotion toward a higher and invisible power among the hill Damaras. . . . They had not the least idea of a God, of a future state. They were, literally, like the beasts that perish."*

Nor does Duncan† give any more favorable account. Wherever he went, he found "the snake worship,"—"fetiches the most disgusting yet seen."—"Depravity of every description to an extraordinary degree,"—"paganism;"—but his references are so interwoven with other matter, that they can not conveniently be extracted or given entire. The same observation will apply to Anderson.‡ One tribe he calls a "filthy set of pagans;" another,—"cruel, murderous, pagans;" another, "pagans, deal in enchantments, and cruel sorceries," and so on throughout the book.

Forbes, writing of the Dahomans, says: "The religion is pagan. Fetisch worship and human sacrifices, public and private. If a rich man dies a boy and girl are sacrificed and buried with him, to

* Interior of South Africa, vol I., p. 102, *passim*. James E. Alexander, H. L. S. London.

† Travels in Western Africa. London: 1845-'6.

‡ Lake Nagami, p. 176, *passim*.

accompany him on his journey.”* “Early in the sixteenth century, sacrifices were inherent with the Dahomans. Then the see-que-ah-ee was instituted, and to keep up a frightful, bloody *feti*, upward of 200,000 human beings have been murdered.”†

What Livingstone has to say on this subject, we will introduce with an anecdote: “We met with an old Bushman who, at first, seemed to have no conception of morality whatever. When his heart was warmed by our meat, he sat by the fire relating his early adventures; among these was killing five other Bushmen. ‘Two,’ said he, counting on his fingers, ‘were females, one a male, the other two, calves.’ ‘What a villain you are, to boast of killing men and women of your own nation! What will God say when you appear before him?’ ‘He will say,’ replied he, ‘that I was a very clever fellow.’” ‡ The missionary apologized for the Bushman, that he misunderstood the word put to him for ‘God.’ No doubt of it. It would have puzzled the amiable man to correct him. There is no word for God; ‘Barimo,’ or its equivalent, is as near as the African gets to it; and that means the Evil Spirit, *par excellence*.

“Traveling westward, we found that every village had its idols near it. This is the case through all the country of the Balonda, so that,

* Dahomy and the Dahomans. F. C. Forbes, Comm. R. N., &c. London: 1851, vol. I. Int. observations.

† Id. vol. II., p. 49.

‡ Travels and Researches, p. 281.

when we came to an idol in the woods, we always knew that we were within a quarter of an hour of human habitations. One very ugly idol we passed rested on a horizontal beam placed on two upright posts. This beam was furnished with two loops of cord, as of a chain, to suspend offerings before it. On remarking to my companions that these idols had ears, but that they heard not, &c., I learned that the Balonda, and even the Barotse, believe that divination may be performed by means of these blocks of wood and clay; and, though the wood itself could not hear, the owners had medicines by which it could be made to hear and give responses, so that if an enemy were approaching they would have full information. . . . They do not love them. They fear them, and betake themselves to their idols only when in perplexity and danger.—They are very punctilious in their manners to each other. Each hut has its own fire, and when it goes out they make it afresh for themselves rather than take it from a neighbor. I believe that much of this arises from superstitious fears. In the deep, dark forests near each village, as already mentioned, you see idols intended to represent the human head, or a lion, or a crooked stick smeared with medicine, or simply a small pot of medicine in a little shed, or miniature huts with little mounds of earth in them. But in the darker recesses we meet with human faces cut in the bark of trees, the outlines of which, with the beards,

closely resemble those seen on Egyptian monuments. Frequent cuts are made on the trees along all the paths, and offerings of small pieces of manioc roots, or ears of maize are placed on branches. There are also to be seen, every few miles, heaps of sticks, which are treated in cairn fashion, by every one throwing a small branch to the heap in passing; or a few sticks are placed on the path, and each passer by turns from his course, and forms a sudden bend in the road to one side. It seems that their minds were ever in doubt and dread in these gloomy recesses of the forest, and that they were striving to propitiate, by their offerings, some superior beings residing there."

"The same superstitious ideas being prevalent through the whole of the country north of the Zambesi, seems to indicate that the people must originally have been one. All believe that the souls of the departed still mingle among the living, and partake, in some way, of the food they consume. In sickness, sacrifices of fowls and goats are made to appease the spirits. It is imagined that they wish to take the living away from earth and all its enjoyments. When one man has killed another, a sacrifice is made, as if to lay the spirit of the victim. A sect is reported to exist who kill men in order to take their hearts and offer them to the Barimo. Even at Loanda (where they have been in constant contact with civilization and Christianity for 300 years), they retire out of

the city in order to perform their heathenism rites without the cognizance of the authorities. Their religion, if such it may be called, is one of dread. Numbers of charms are employed to avert the evils with which they feel themselves to be encompassed. Occasionally you meet a man, more cautious or more timid than the rest, with twenty or thirty charms round his neck. The disrespect which Europeans pay to the objects of their fears is, to their minds, only an evidence of great folly.* “When the natives turn their eyes to the future world they have a view cheerless enough of their own utter helplessness and hopelessness.”†

Proceeding eastward, he found the same state of things, with variations, and moralizes:—“They fancy themselves completely in the power of disembodied spirits, and look upon the prospect of following them as the greatest of misfortunes. Hence, they are constantly deprecating the wrath of departed souls, believing that, if they are appeased, there is no other cause of death but witchcraft, which may be averted by charms. The whole of the colored population of Angola are sunk in these gross superstitions, but have the opinion, notwithstanding, that they are wiser in these matters than their white neighbors. Each tribe has a consciousness of following its own interests in the best way. They are by no means

* Travels and researches, p. 308, *passim*.

† *Id.* 477.

destitute of that self-esteem which is so common in other nations; yet they fear all manner of phantoms, and have half-developed ideas and traditions of something or other, they know not what. The pleasures of animal life are ever present to their minds as the supreme good; and but for the innumerable invisibilities they might enjoy their luxurious climate as much as it is possible for man to do." Again. At a mission and trading station—the fort and the church—"The natives have a salutary dread of the guns of the one, and a superstitious fear of the unknown power of the other. . . . Coming from many different tribes, all the rays of the separate superstitions converge into a focus at Tette, and burn out common sense from the minds of the mixed breed. They believe that many evil spirits live in the air, the earth, and the water. These invisible malicious beings are thought to inflict much suffering on the human race, but may be propitiated by offerings of meat and drink. The serpent is an object of worship, and hideous little images are hung in the huts of the sick and dying."*

What follows, from the same, is rather puzzling:

"The westing we were making brought us among people who are frequently visited by the Mambari as slave-dealers. This trade causes bloodshed; for, when a poor family is selected as victims, it is necessary to get rid of the older

* Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 51, *passim*.

members of it, because they are supposed to be able to give annoyance to the chief afterward by means of enchantments. The belief in the power of charms, for good or evil, produces not only honesty, but a great amount of gentle dealing. (So it would seem.) The powerful are often restrained in their despotism from a fear that the weak and helpless may injure them by their medical knowledge. They have many fears.”*

Burton entered Africa at Zanzibar, from thence proceeded northwardly, to the Central Lake region. His explorations occupied him about two years. Of tribes near the coast, he writes: “With the aid of slavery and black-magic they render the lives of their subjects as precarious as they can. No one, especially in old age, is safe from being burnt at a moment’s notice.”†—and—

—Of the people at large:—“It is general, among all African tribes, to charge sickness, or death, or misfortune on some enemy or ill-designing person, as—working by poison. A person at all familiar with the blacks of this country will have occasion to notice the presence of this superstition.”‡

“He regards annihilation with horror. He fears death as children fear to go in the dark. All the thoughts of the negroid are connected with this life. ‘Ah,’ they exclaim, ‘it is bad to die—to leave

* *Travels and Researches*, p. 356.

† *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, vol. I., p. 120. London: 1865.

‡ *Id.*, vol. II., p. 24.

off eating and drinking—never to wear a fine cloth.”*

“Fetissism (magic) is still the only faith known in East Africa. It is the adoration or propitiation of natural objects, animate or inanimate, to which certain mysterious influences are attributed. It admits of neither angel nor devil. It ignores a creation, a resurrection, a judgment-day, a soul, a spirit, a heaven or a hell. Though instinctively conscious of a Being above them, the Africans have, as yet, failed to grasp the idea.”

“The African creed is Demonology,—the specters of the dead,—witchcraft, or black magic.”

“A prey to base passions and melancholy, godless fears, the Fetissists, who people with malevolent beings the invisible world, animate material nature with evil influences. The rites of his dark and deadly superstition are all intended to avert evils from himself by transferring them to others, hence the witchcraft and magic which flow naturally from the system of Demonology. Men rarely die without wife or children, kindred or slaves being accused of having compassed their destruction, ‘by throwing the glamour over them.’”

Captain Speke was more than four years in Africa, and knows whereof he writes. On this subject, he says:—

“Of paramount consideration is the power held by the magicians. They are indeed a curse to the

* Lake Regions of Central Africa, vol. II., p. 331, *passim*.

traveler; for, if it suit their inclinations, they have merely to prognosticate all sorts of calamities—as droughts, famines or wars,—and the chiefs, people, and all would believe them. . . . Their implement of divination, simple as it may appear, is a cow's or antelope's horn—Uganga—which they stuff with magic powder, also called Uganga. Stuck into the ground, or in front of the village, it is supposed to have sufficient power to ward off the attacks of an enemy. By simply holding it in his hands, the magician pretends that he can discover any thing that has been stolen or lost; and instances have been told of its drawing four men after it with irresistible impetus up to a thief, when it belabored the culprit and drove him out of his senses. (Many examples of this sort appear in the course of the narrative.) So imbued are the natives' minds with belief in the power of charms, that they pay the magician for sticks, stones, or mud, which he has doctored for them. They believe certain flowers held in the hand will conduct them to any thing lost; as also that the voice of certain wild animals, birds, or beasts, will insure them good luck, or warn them of danger. With the utmost complacency, our sable brother builds a dwarf hut in his fields, and places some grain on it to propitiate the evil spirit, and suffer him to reap the fruits of his labor, and this, too, they call their Uganga, or church. . . . They have also many other and more horrible devices. For instance, in

times of tribulation, the magician, if he ascertains a war is projected by inspecting the blood and bones of a fowl which he has flayed for that purpose, flays a young child, and, having laid it lengthwise on a path, directs all the warriors, on proceeding to battle, to step over his sacrifice and insure themselves victory. Another of these extra barbarous devices takes place when a chief wishes to make war on his neighbor, by his calling in a magician to discover a propitious time for commencing. The doctor places a large earthen vessel, half full of water, over a fire, and over its mouth a grating of sticks, whereon he lays a small child and a fowl, side by side, and covers them over with a second large earthen vessel, just like the first, only inverted, to keep the steam in, when he sets fire below, cooks for a certain period of time, and then looks to see if his victims are still living or dead—when, should they be dead, the war must be deferred, but otherwise commenced at once. These extremes, however, are not often resorted to, for the natives are usually content with simpler means, such as flaying a goat, instead of a child, to be walked over; while, to prevent any evil approaching their dwellings, a squashed frog, or any other such absurdity, when placed on the track, is considered a specific.”*

In most places Speke visited, he was looked on as a magician. At first they would be afraid of his

* Speke's Journal. Int. 22, et seq.

evil eye; when that fear was allayed they became importunate for charms. One wanted a charm to make him invulnerable, victorious; another, one that would kill his brother, with whom he was at war; one, to cure his diseases, supply the deficiencies of infirmity or excess, and so on. Nor would they believe that he had no charms, let him protest never so much. In fact, one great secret of immunity enjoyed by white men in Africa, is an undefined awe of them—such awe as they feel toward a church; they are generally afraid to do him a serious injury.

Speke reports an interview he had with a king of Abyssinian blood, a very intelligent man :—

“I pressed Ruminaka, as he said he had no idea of a God or a future state, to tell me what advantage he expected from sacrificing a cow yearly at his father’s grave. He laughingly replied, he did not know; but he hoped he might be favored with better crops if he did so. He also placed pombé and grain, he said, for the same reason, before a large stone on the hill-side, although it could not eat or make any use of it; but the coast-men were of the same belief as himself, and so were all the natives. No one in Africa, so far as he knew, doubted the power of magic and spells; and if a fox barked when he was leading an army to battle, he would retire at once, knowing that this prognosticated evil.”*

* Speke’s Journal, p. 286, *passim*.

From Ruminaka, he visited the semi-savage court of Mtésa, also of Abyssinian blood, and found the authorities of the "church fetisch" conspicuous there also. "When sitting in court, the king has invariably in attendance several women—evil-eye averters or sorcerers. They wear dried lizards on their heads, small goatskin aprons trimmed with little bells, diminutive shields and spears set off with cock-hackles."* Calling on her majesty, the queen-dowager, he found, "an iron rod, like a spit, with a cup on top, charged with magic powder, and other magic wands, were placed before the entrance, and within the rooms four sorcerers or devil-drivers fantastically dressed."

"The spirit of this religion, if such it can be called, is not so much, adoration of a Being supreme and beneficent, as a tax to certain malignant furies—a propitiation, in fact, to prevent them bringing evil on the land, and to insure a fruitful harvest."†

More than four years were Baker and his intrepid wife, in the heart of Africa, buried. He closes the preface to his interesting narrative with the following paragraph: "The journey is long; there are no ancient histories to charm the present with the memories of the past; all is wild and brutal, hard and unfeeling, devoid of that holy instinct instilled by nature into the heart of man, —*the belief in the Supreme Being.* In that remote

* Journal of Discovery, p. 251, *passim*. † Id. p. 406.

wilderness, in Central Equatorial Africa, are the sources of the Nile." *

In the Latooka country, Baker contracted quite a friendship with Commoro, a great chief. "One of the most clever and common-sense savages that I had ever seen in these countries." He had a talk with him on religion. It is too long to quote in full, but the burden of it is given.

"Have you no belief in a future existence after death?"

Commoro (loq.)—"Existence after death! How can that be? Can a dead man get out of his grave unless we dig him out?"

"Do you think a man is like a beast that dies, and is ended?"

Commoro.—"Certainly; an ox is stronger than a man; but he dies and his bones last longer; they are bigger. A man's bones break quickly—he is weak."

"Is not man superior in sense to an ox? Has he not a mind to direct his actions?"

Commoro.—"Some men are not so clever as an ox. Men must sow corn to obtain food, but the ox and wild animals can procure it without sowing."

* * * * *

"Have you no idea of the existence of spirits superior to either man or beast? Have you no fear of evil except from bodily causes?"

Commoro.—"I am afraid of elephants and other

* Albert Nyanza, pref.

animals in the jungle, at night; but of nothing else."

"Then you believe in nothing; neither in a good nor evil spirit! And you believe that when you die it will be the end of body and spirit; that you are like other animals; and that there is no distinction between man and beast; both disappear and end at death?"

Commoro.—"Of course they do."

"Do you see no difference between good and bad actions?"

Commoro.—"Yes, there are good and bad in men and beasts."

"Do you think that a good man and a bad man must share the same fate, and alike die and end?"

Commoro.—"Yes; what else can they do? How can they help dying? Good and bad all die."

"Their bodies perish, but their spirits remain; the good in happiness, the bad in misery. If you have no belief in a future state, *why should a man be good?* Why should he not be bad, if he can prosper by wickedness?"

Commoro.—"Most people are bad; if they are strong they take from the weak. The good people are all weak; they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad."

He invoked St. Paul's metaphor, "That which thou sowest," &c., as an illustration of a future state.

Commoro.—"Exactly so; that I understand. But

the *original* grain does *not* rise again ; it rots like the dead man, and is ended ; the fruit produced is not the same grain that we buried, but the *production* of that grain ; so it is with man,—I die and decay ; and am ended ; but my children grow up like the fruit of the grain. Some men have no children, and some grains perish without fruit ; then all are ended.”

“ I was obliged to change the subject of conversation. In this wild, naked savage there was not even a superstition upon which to found a religious feeling ; there was a belief in matter ; and to his understanding was material. It was extraordinary to find so much clearness of perception combined with such complete obtuseness to any thing ideal.”*

Proceeding from Latooka, southward, he came to Obbo, whereof “ old Katchiba ” is king. “ He holds his authority over his subjects as general rain-maker and sorcerer. Should a subject displease him, or refuse him a gift, he curses his goats and fowls, or threatens to wither his crops, and the fear of these inflictions reduces the discontented.

. . . . Should there be a lack of rain, or too much,—he takes the opportunity of calling his subjects together and explaining to them ‘ how much he regrets that their conduct has compelled him to afflict them with unfavorable weather, but it is all their own fault. If they are so greedy and so stingy that they will not supply him properly, how

* Albert Nyanza, p. 167.

can they expect him to think of their interests? He must have goats and corn. No goats, no rain, that is our contract, my friends,' says Katchiba. 'Do as you like. I can wait; I hope you can.' Thus he holds his sway.

"No man would think of starting upon a journey without the blessing of the old chief; and a peculiar 'hocus-pocus' is considered as necessary from the magic hands of Katchiba, that shall charm the traveler, and preserve him from all danger of wild animals upon the road. In case of sickness he is called in, not as M.D. in our acceptation; but as 'doctor of magic,' and he charms both hut and patient against death, with the fluctuating results that must attend professionals even in sorcery. His subjects have the most thorough confidence in his power; and, so great is his reputation, that distant tribes frequently consult him, and beg his assistance as a magician. Although without an idea of a Supreme Being, the whole country is bowed down to sorcery. It is a curious distinction between faith and credulity;—these savages, utterly devoid of belief in a Deity, and without a vestige of superstition, believed most devotedly that the general affairs of life and the control of the elements were in the hands of their old chief, and, therefore, they served him, not with a feeling of love, neither with a trace of religion, but with that material instinct that always influences the savage; they propitiated him for the sake of what they could obtain."

“Savages can be ruled by two powers—‘force’ and ‘humbug;’ accordingly, these are the instruments made use of by those in authority. Where the ‘force’ is wanting, ‘humbug’ is the weapon as a ‘*pis aller*.’ Katchiba, having no physical force, adopted cunning, and the black art controlled the savage minds of his subjects. Strange does it appear that these uncivilized inhabitants of Central Africa should, although devoid of religion, believe implicitly in sorcery; giving a power to man superhuman, although acknowledging nothing more than human.”

“Practical and useful magic is all that is esteemed by the savage, the higher branches would be unappreciated; and spirit-rapping and mediums are reserved for the civilized (?) of England, who would convert the black savages of Africa.”*

Old Katchiba did not have every thing his own way, however; for, if the rain should prove obstinate and refuse to come or go, as the case might be, his subjects had an ugly habit of sacrificing their rain-doctor and getting a new one. In a dilemma of this kind, he sought “counsel’s opinion” of the traveler and was extricated. The story is too long to give. Take, instead, two samples of Obbo exorcism, as illustrating African childishness as well as superstition:—

“Welcome the coming.” “I was met by the chief and several of his people leading a goat, which

* Albert Nyanza, p. 214, *passim*.

was presented to me and killed immediately, as an offering, close to the feet my horse. The chief carried a fowl, holding it by the legs, with its head downwards; he approached my horse and stroked his fore feet with the fowl, and then made a circle around him by dragging it upon the ground; my feet were then stroked with the fowl in the same manner as those of the horse, and I was requested to stoop so as to enable him to wave the bird around my head, this completed, it was also waved around my horse's head, who showed his appreciation of the ceremony by rearing and lashing out behind, to the great discomfiture of the natives. The fowl did not appear to have enjoyed itself during the operation; but the knife put an end to its troubles, as the ceremony of welcome being completed, the bird was sacrificed and handed to my head man."

"Speed the parting guest."

"Before parting, a ceremony had to be performed by Katchiba. His brother was to be our guide, and he was to receive power to control the elements, as deputy-magician, during the journey, lest we should be wetted by the storms, and the torrents should be so swollen as to be impassable. With great solemnity Katchiba broke a branch from a tree, upon the leaves of which he spat in several places. This branch, thus blessed with holy water, was laid upon the ground, and a fowl was dragged around it by the chief, and our horses were then operated on precisely as had been enacted

at Farajoke. This ceremony completed, he handed the branch to his brother (our guide), who received it with much gravity, in addition to a magic whistle, of antelope's horn, that he suspended from his neck."*

From thence he went to the semi-savage Wanyoro, neighbors to the Waganda.

"The king was surrounded by sorcerers, both men and women; these people were distinguished from others by witch-like chaplets of various dried roots, worn upon the head. Some of them had dried lizards, crocodiles' teeth, lions' claws, minute tortoise shells, &c., added to their collection of charms. They could have subscribed to the witches' caldron of Macbeth. . . . On the first appearance of these women, many of whom were old and haggard, I felt inclined to repeat Banquo's quotation:—'What are these, so withered and so wild in their attire, that look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth, and yet are on't? Live you? Or are you aught that man may question?'

"In such witches and wizards Kamrazi and his people believed implicitly. . . . These people, although so far superior to the tribes on the north of the Nile in general intelligence, had no idea of a Supreme Being, nor any object of worship, their faith resting upon a simple belief in magic, like that of the natives of Madi and Obbo."†

Among all races of men, of this race only can it be truly said:—"It does not know God; it has no God."

* Albert Nyanza, p. 221, *passim*.

† Id., p. 411 et seq.

From earth beneath to heaven above, from the gentle breeze to the raging storm, from blossoming spring to the fruits of autumn, there is nothing in all nature which suggests the Great Giver, who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

CHAPTER VIII.

“What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!”

SELF is the African's god. Selfishness is the law of his being. Egregious, intense, absorpt, it does not think of any thing else but “*Ego*.” It seeks its own, only; without shame, or remorse, or pity.

Burton.—“His main characteristic is open and avowed selfishness; favors he views as from a sense of weakness, and therefore feels no gratitude. He may mourn for a night the death of parent or child, but no more. The name of hospitality is unknown to him.”*

“If any one of them is sick, they shun him as if it were the plague. They spurn the sick man like a dog, not once help him with a drop of oil or water, although he have never so much need, no, not the father to the son, but let them die like beasts, and let them die of hunger and sickness.”†

One of Livingstone's guides falling sick by the

* Lake Regions, vol. II., Reflections, &c., p. 324, *passim*.

† Purchase, vol. I., p. 921, *et seq.*

way, it required all his authority to have him brought along; the man's comrades wanted to leave him in the woods to die.

The mother, to suit her convenience, consult her safety or comfort, will kill her child, as—"when it is ill-shaped, when the father of the child has forsaken its mother, when fleeing from an enemy; in which cases she strangles it, smothers it, casts it away in the desert, or buries it alive.—There are instances of the parents throwing their tender offspring to the hungry lion who stands roaring before their cavern, refusing to depart till some peace-offering be made to him."*

Children will sell their parents, or abandon them to starvation. "I have seen," writes Moffat, "a small circle of stakes fastened in the ground, within which were still lying the bones of parents, bleaching in the sun, who had thus been abandoned;" then follows an instance: "when reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress; a venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting with her head leaning on her knees," too faint and weak to rise at his approach. To his inquiries, she made answer that she had been there four days, her children had left her to die; "'my own children, three sons and two daughters.—They are gone.'—'Why did they leave you?'—'I am old, you see, and I am no longer

* Missionary Scenes and Labors, p. 46, *passim*.

able to serve them. When they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh. I am not able to carry wood to make the fire, and I can not carry their children on my back as I used to do. It is our custom;—I do not want to live again.’”*

What but ravenous selfishness could beget in nature such practices as these. Well might the weary traveler exclaim:—“We have met with nothing but selfishness, from the chief to the meanest of his people.”†

A sensual, selfish nature will have a sensual existence.

Action, energy, are distinguishing traits of the white races;—Listlessness, apathy, indolence, are distinguishing traits of the black. With the former, idleness is a reproach; with the latter, it is a matter of commendation, praise, a proof of respectability. The African abhors all effort, especially mental effort.

Lander says of him:—“No consideration will induce any of the natives to shake off their habitual indolence. They would not do so, I am persuaded, for a voice from heaven. Pleasure and sloth are, with them, synonymous words; and they are scarcely alive to any other species of gratification.”‡

Moffat.—“They are exceedingly lazy, so that

* Missionary Scenes and Labors, p. 46, et seq.

† Lander's Niger, vol. I., p. 74.

‡ Id. p. 110, et seq.

nothing will rouse them but excessive hunger. They will continue several days together without food rather than be at the trouble of procuring it.”*

Duncan.—“So long as the African can procure food by theft or otherwise—at least, it is so along the coast—they can not, when free, be induced to work.”†

“The natives are tall and strong, but, like the rest of the Ethiopians, they are so very lazy and indolent that, although their soil is admirably adapted to the raising of cattle and the production of grain, they allowed both to be destroyed by the wild beasts.”‡

“Having all the edible roots and plants of the country, and having hoes to dig with, spears, bows and arrows to hunt with, yet they starve.”§

“Laziness is inherent in these men, for which reason, although extremely powerful, they will not work unless compelled to do so.”||

Burton.—“The Negro will not work—nor can even lucre prevail against the inborn indolence of the race.”¶

Baker calls him a savage, “whose happiness consists in idleness or warfare,”—“whose apathy, indolence, dishonesty, combined with dirtiness, are

* Missionary Scenes and Labors, p. 46, passim.

† Western Africa, &c., vol. I., p. 114.

‡ Purchase, vol. I., p. 1018. § Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 532.

| Speke's Journal. Introduction.

¶ Lake Regions, vol. II. Reflections.

beyond description.”* Writing about trade, he says :—

“All the exports from the Soudan are natural productions. There is nothing to exhibit the industry or capacity of the natives ; the ivory is the produce of violence and robbery ; the hides are the simple sun-dried skins of oxen ; the senna grows wild upon the desert ; the gum-arabic exudes spontaneously from the bushes of the jungle ; and the bees’-wax is the produce of the only industrious creature in that detestable country.”†

Next to sloth comes appetite. The African is a gross, indiscriminate, unnatural feeder. When laziness has contracted paunch and bill of fare at the same time, he will take any thing ; roots, dirt, grub-worms, snakes, or garbage ; he prefers, however, a flesh diet, fat, succulent, and gamy ; every now and then you find him in a condition that craves meat of his own kind. He is very fastidious at the beginning of the entertainment—knows to a nicety where the tidbits are, such as the palms, soles, fatty, tender parts ; in the end, however, he spares nothing, except it be the bones.

Traveler Johnson says :—“ They eat raw and strange kinds of meat ; dogs, cats, and filthy, stinking elephant and buffalo flesh, wherein there is a thousand maggots, and many times stinks like carrion.”‡

* Albert Nyanza, p. 243, *passim*.

† Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, p. 509. London : 1867.

‡ Purchase, vol. I., p. 921.

Battel.—“The men and women taken in war, they kill and eat.” They made traveler Battel a prisoner, kept him four months in one place, where there was “banqueting with man’s flesh, which is a heavy spectacle to behold.” *

Lopez traveled among folks who “keep sham-
bles of human flesh, as they do in these countries for
beef and other victuals. For, their enemies they
take in the wars, they eat, and also their slaves.
If they have a good market for them they sell, or
if they can not, they then deliver them to the
butcher, and so, sold to be roasted and boiled—
also their slaves, when they are fat and well-fed,
do they kill and eat.” Again, “A cruel people
they are, and murderous, of great stature and hor-
rible countenance, fed with man’s flesh.” †

Cadamodo tells of a “fierce and savage people,
feeding on the flesh both of their enemies and of
their own people. In time of sickness waiting the
death for the shambls. The skulls of men serve
them for drinking-pots. . . . The king, when
going to war, has fires carried before him, as mean-
ing to boil or roast all such as he shall take.”
Also of others not so fiery, who “live on guts and
filth of the meats which were cast away, not so
much as washing the same, but covering them over
with hot ashes, before they were hot through,
pulled them out, and shaking them a little with

* Purchase, vol. I, p. 973, *passim*. † Id., vol. I, pp. 982, 1018.

their hands, did eat both guts, excrement, and ashes"—whose necks were "adorned with charms of greasy tripe—or guts also, in many doubles, which they sometimes would pull off and eat, stinking and raw. They did also eat the entrails by us thrown away, half raw; would scramble for it like hungry dogs—loathsomely besmeared with blood." And again, of others: "The cruelest cannibals which the sun looketh on, for, in other places they eat their enemies or the dead; but here, they take and eat their own kin-folk. They keep sham-bles of human flesh as with us of beef and mutton. Their slaves—if cut up, they will yield more in the several joints and pieces than to be sold alive—they kill, though it be but to save a half-penny." He then proceeds to others, some four, five, or six tribes, all of whom "are exceeding devourers of human flesh, for which they refuse beef and goats, whereof they have plenty."*

Sir Thomas Herbert (in Charles II. time), wearied of court life, and tried for awhile the other extreme, to his infinite disgust. He says that:—"Not satisfied with nature's treasures, as gold, precious stones, flesh in variety, and the like,—the destruction of men and women neighboring them, whose dead carcasses they devour with a vulture relish and appetite; who, if they miss, they serve their friends with scurvy sauce, butchering them,

* Purchase, vol. V., pp. 755, 762, 772.

and thinking they excuse all in a compliment, that they know no better way to express love than by making two bodies in one by an inseparable union.”*

Coming to our own times, we meet with an American who, traveling about in the interior of Western Africa,† came to a place where human arms, legs, and thighs were hung up in shambles and exposed for sale, like butchers’ meat, “and,” the traveler goes on to say,—“a few years since,—a Captain Dunning, with the whole crew belonging to the Nassau, schooner, were cut in pieces, salted and eaten by the Negroes of Great Drawin.”

Moffat says, of the Bushmen, that they feed on “plants, berries, every kind of living creature, lizards, locusts, snakes, serpents, poisonous or not,”—and adds—“when they have abundance of meat they do nothing but eat and sleep, dance and sing till their stock be exhausted.” Of another tribe, with whom he was traveling, he narrates :—“We came to the swollen and half putrid carcass of a horse; the women fell on it like so many wolves, tearing it limb from limb, every one trying to get as much as she could for herself.”‡

There were feastings in those days, with flesh of divers sorts, alike raw and cooked. On an occasion, both royal and genial, Mr. M. received a very

* Fletcher’s Studies on Slavery, p. 128.

† Steadman’s Narrative, vol. II., p. 267.

‡ Missionary Labors and Scenes, pp. 46, 233, 273, 363.

high compliment, a *pièce de résistance*; "an enormous basket. It was the royal dish,—sent from the presence of his majesty. The contents smoking, blood apparently as liquid as if it had just come from the arteries of the ox." He declined the dainty; indeed, gave it away. The bearers "had scarcely heard that they might do what they pleased with it, when they rushed upon it, scooping it up with their hands and making a noise equal to a dozen hungry hogs around a well-filled trough." Hawthorne, describing an attack on a mission station, says:—"One of the trophies of their defeat was the kettle which they had brought for the purpose of cooking the missionaries, and holding a cannibal feast over them."*

Duncan gives a mellow incident of Dahoman taste. "The most disgusting part of this abominable and barbarous execution was that of an old and ill-looking wretch, who, like the numerous vultures, stood with a small calabash in his hand, ready to catch the blood from each individual, which he greedily devoured before it had escaped one minute from the veins. The old wretch had the impudence to put some rum in the blood and offer me to drink."†

Further of Dahoman fare.—"They eat the carcass of the elephant, even when full of vermin. The musky eggs and flesh of the crocodile are

* Journal of an African Cruiser, p. 59.

† Travels in Western Africa, vol. I., p. 252.

welcome to their appetites. Monkeys are generally used for food. Animals found dead and putrid give no disgust, and at their greatest feasts a roasted dog is counted a luxury."*

Burton, in his *Reflections on the Negro*, says:—"He is greedy and voracious; with him the great end of life is eating.—The Wadoe roast and devour slices from the fallen in battle, and drink out of human skulls which are not polished or in any way prepared for that purpose."†—"The Wabendi devour, besides man, all sorts of carrion, grubs and insects, whilst they abandon to wild growth a land of the richest soil and the most prolific climate.—They prefer man raw to roasted, whereas the Wadoe of the coast eat him roasted."‡ Speke, of the same people, says:—"When they can not get human flesh otherwise, they give a goat to their neighbors for a sick or dying child, regarding such flesh as the best of all."§ He heard also of another tribe, that "disdain all food but human flesh, bury cows but eat men, and in lieu of butter with their porridge, they smear it with the fat of fried human flesh." Livingstone heard of several tribes of cannibals; on the shores of Lake Nyassa he met with them, but does no more than state the fact.

Baker did not find the natives north of the equator to differ much in taste and stomach from

* Malte Brun., Ed. 1864, vol. II., p. 77.

† Lake Regions, vol. I., p. 126. ‡ Id., vol. II., p. 116.

§ Journal of Discovery, p. 119.

those south of it. His first interview with them brings the following:—

“They will not work, thus they frequently starve, existing only upon rats, lizards, snakes, and such fish as they can spear. The people of this tribe are mere apes, trusting entirely to the productions of nature for their subsistence. . . . So miserable are the natives of the Kytch tribe, that they devour both skins and bones of all dead animals; the bones are pounded between two stones, and, when reduced to a powder, they are boiled to a kind of porridge, nothing is left for a fly to feed upon.”*

Further on, he witnessed something in the way of a roast. “Some natives appeared, carrying with them the head of a wild boar in a horrible state of decomposition, and alive with maggots. On arriving at the drinking place, they immediately lighted a fire and proceeded to cook their savory pork by placing it in the flames. The skull becoming too hot for its inmates, crowds of maggots rushed pell-mell from the ears and nostrils, like people escaping from the doors of a theater on fire. The natives merely tapped the skull with a stick, to assist in their exit, and proceeded with their cooking until completed; after which they ate the whole and sucked the bones. However putrid meat may be, it does not appear to affect the health of these people.”†

He has something, too, to relate of those delicate

* Albert Nyanza, p 47, *passim*.

† *Id.*, p. 107.

feeders, who pick their teeth over a joint of man, cooked or raw.

“ Both he and many of Ibrahim’s party had been frequent witnesses to acts of cannibalism during their residence among the Makkarikas. They described these cannibals as remarkably good people, but possessing a peculiar taste for dogs and human flesh. They accompanied the trading party in their *razzias*, and invariably ate the bodies of the slain. The traders complained that they were bad associates, as they insisted on killing and eating the children which the party wished to secure as slaves : their custom was to catch a child by its ankles and to dash its head against the ground ; thus killed, they opened the abdomen, extracted the stomach and intestines, and, tying the two ankles to the neck, they carried the body by swinging it over the shoulder, and thus returned to camp, where they divided it by quartering, and boiled it in a pot.” Another man in my service had been witness to a horrible act of cannibalism at Gondokoro.

“ The traders had arrived with their ivory from the West, together with a great number of slaves ; the porters who carried the ivory being Makkarikas. One of the slave girls attempted to escape, and her proprietor immediately fired at her with his musket, and she fell wounded ; the ball had struck her in the side. The girl was remarkably fat, and from the wound a large lump of yellow fat exuded. No sooner had she fallen, than the

Makkarikas rushed upon her in a crowd, and, seizing the fat, they tore it from the wound in handfuls, the girl being still alive, while the crowd were quarreling for the disgusting prize. Others killed her with a lance, and at once divided her by cutting off the head, and splitting the body with their lances, used as knives, cutting longitudinally from between the legs along the spine to the neck.

"Many slave women and their children who witnessed this scene rushed panic-stricken from the spot and took refuge in the trees. The Makkarikas, seeing them in flight, were excited to give chase, and pulling the children from their refuge among the branches, they killed several, and in a short time a great feast was prepared for the whole party. My man Mahommed, who was an eye-witness, declared that he could not eat his dinner for three days, so great was his disgust at this horrible feast." *

Still more recently, Mr. Chaillu met, in Western Africa, with more of "the same sort;" the Fans, and others.

"The next morning we moved off for the Fan village, and now I had an opportunity to satisfy myself as to a matter I had cherished some doubts on before, namely—the cannibal practices of these people. I was satisfied but too soon. As we entered the town we perceived some bloody remains

* Albert Nyanza, p. 200, et seq.

which looked to me to be human, but I passed on, still incredulous. Presently we passed a woman who solved all doubt. She bore with her a piece of the thigh of the human body, just as we should go to market and carry thence a roast or steak." * All over the town, he discovered dreadful signs of the practice: piles of human bones and skulls. At the back of his hut was a heap of them; cast there as any other kitchen refuse might be. The Fans eat those who die of sickness; buy the dead of their neighbors, and reciprocate the service. A party of them happening to be on the coast, robbed a graveyard there, and ate the bodies. Chaillu says that they were the bravest-looking negroes he had seen. "Flesh seems to agree with them. Their neighbors are cannibals also."

There are no such feeders as the African, except among the beasts. Like the hog, he finds soundness in rottenness and fattens on his own flesh. There have been other cannibals, but they perished. He survives and thrives.

Apropos of this—take up—

"Experiment solitary touching the venomous quality of man's flesh."

"The French, which put off the name of the French disease unto the name of the disease of Naples, do report that, at the siege of Naples, there were certain wicked merchants that barreled up man's flesh of some that had been lately slain in

* Journey to Ashango Land, p. 108. New York: 1867.

Barbary, and sold it for tunney; and that upon that foul and high nourishment was the original of that disease. Which may well be, for that it is certain that the cannibals in the West Indies eat man's flesh; and the West Indies were full of the pox when they were first discovered; and at this day the mortalist poisons, practiced by the West Indians, have some mixture of the blood, or fat, or flesh of man."*

The virus so fatal to all other races of men, is, if we may credit Dr. Livingstone, harmless to the African—agrees with him. "A certain loathsome disease, which decimates the North American Indians, and threatens extirpation to the South Sea Islanders, dies out in the interior of Africa without the aid of medicine; and the Bangroaketse, who brought it from the West Coast, lost it when they came into their own land southwest of Kolobeng. It seems incapable of permanence in persons of pure African blood, anywhere in the center of the country. In persons of mixed blood it is otherwise; and the virulence of the secondary symptoms seemed to be, in all the cases that came under my care, in exact proportion to the greater or less amount of European blood in the patient. . . . In the pure Negro of the central parts it is quite incapable of permanence."†

* Bacon—Montagu's Edition (Amer.), vol. II. p. 10. Nat. Hist. Cent. i., 26.

† Travels and Researches, &c., p. 142.

This is rather curious. Is it a case of "Poisons neutralizing one another," or an illustration of the principle that "*similia similibus curantur*?"

Water would be a very weak wash for an African meal. Sensual natures demand all its excitements, and strong meats call for strong drinks. The African is expressively a toper. "His love of feeding is only superior to his propensity for intoxication." * The palm, plantain, and other native products yield more than enough for guzzling. The manufacture of some kind of spirits is the only branch of industry that is popular. Civilization has labored to teach him many lessons; he has learned but one—how to distill spirits in a gun-barrel. Livingstone, in his mild, wordy way, informs us that "he brews much beer"—it will spoil unless drunk, therefore he drinks it,—"*enjoying that kind of mirth.*" To speak more plainly—Drunkenness beguiles his daily life, rules the raw and the roast; it stimulates his fights, enlivens his butcheries and funerals, goes whooping and yelling through all his feasts and solemnities. This propensity is a great obstacle to African exploration. Every occurrence at all out of the ordinary, must be celebrated by a general "drunk." Every period of rest or idleness will be improved in the same way. Guides, escort, porters, women, all get "drunk as fiddlers," upset every thing and turn the whole camp into confusion.

* Lake Regions, vol. II. p. 332.

King, courtiers, followers, wives, a whole village, get drunk, keep so for an indefinite length of time, and thus reels the drunk of life around.

A few mild sketches on this sottish topic will content the reader.

Speke's factotum reports of an interview with a big king :—

“‘I saw Suwarora, and spoke to him at once, but he was so tremendously drunk that he could not understand me.’ ‘And were his officers drunk, too?’ ‘Oh, yes; they were all drunk together; men were bringing in pombé all day.’ ‘And did you get drunk?’ ‘Oh, yes,’ said Bombay, grinning and showing his whole row of sharp-pointed teeth, ‘they would make me drink.’”* Soon after this, Speke's whole camp enjoyed a two days' “drunk” off of the same beverage, pombé, a distillation from the banana. Hardly are they over that, when “the whole drunken camp turned the place into a pandemonium.” Scarcely was he out of that scrape when he came upon a village, whereof, “All the people were in a state of inebriety, drinking pombé all day and all night.” And again, a few days after, “Drumming, singing, screaming, yelling, and dancing had been going on these last two days and two nights, to drive the phébo or devil out of the village.—An old man and woman, smeared with white mud, and holding pots of pombé in their laps, sat in front of a hut, while other people

* Journal of Discovery, p. 183, *passim*.

kept constantly bringing them baskets full of plantain-squash, and more pots of pombé. In the court-yard fronting these, were hundreds of men and women dressed in smart mbugus. These were the people who, all drunk as fifers, were keeping up such a continual row to frighten the devil away.* At this place, Karague, it was pombé, pombé, pombé, pombé, all over; brewing it by day, drinking it night and day. From thence proceeding to the semi-savage Waganda, he called in to "Doctor" the queen-dowager, "and was much pleased to hear her express herself delighted with me for every thing I had done, except stopping her grog, which, naturally enough, in this great pombé-drinking country, she said would be a very trying abstinence."† Soon after this, her majesty and suite give a specimen of containing capacity, at her palace. "The queen and her ministers then plunged into pombé and became uproarious, laughing with all their might and main. Small bugu cups were not enough to keep up the excitement of the time, so a large wooden trough was placed before the queen, and filled with liquor. If any was spilled, the wakungu—courtiers—instantly fought over it, dabbing their noses on the ground, or grabbing it with their hands, that not one atom of the queen's favor might be lost; for every thing must be adored that comes from royalty, whether by design or

* Journal of Discovery, p. 263.

† Id., p. 296, passim.

accident. The queen put her head to the trough and drank like a pig from it, and was followed by her ministers. . . . The queen and counselors all became uproarious. The queen began to sing, and the counselors to join in chorus; then all sang and all drank, and drank and sang, till, in their heated excitement, they turned the palace into a pandemonium. . . . I was now getting very tired of sitting on my low stool, and begged for leave to depart, but N'yamasoré would not hear of it; she loved me a great deal too much to let me go away at that time of day, and forthwith ordered in more pombé. The same roystering scene was repeated, cups were too small, so the trough was employed, and the queen graced it by drinking, pig-fashion, first, and then handing it round to the company."*

An extract from Baker will conclude this jolly subject. He is among the Unyoro—neighbors of Waganda—also called semi-savage; and describing ordinary fun:—"Kisoona relapsed into its former monotony;—the war with Fwooka being over, the natives, free from care, passed their time in singing and drinking; it was next to impossible to sleep at night, as crowds of people, all drunk, were yelling in chorus, blowing horns and beating drums from sunset until morning. The women took no part in this amusement, as it was the custom in Unyoro,

* Journal of Discovery, p. 302, et seq.

for the men to enjoy themselves in laziness while the women performed all the labor of the field. Thus they were fatigued and glad to rest, while the men passed the night in uproarious merriment.

. . . Every now and then a cry of fire in the middle of the night enlivened the *ennui* of our existence; the huts were littered deep with straw, and the inmates, intoxicated, frequently fell asleep with their huge pipes alight, which, falling in the dry straw, at once occasioned a conflagration. In such cases the flames spread from hut to hut with immense rapidity, and frequently four or five hundred huts in Kamrasi's large camp were destroyed by fire and rebuilt again in a few days. I was anxious concerning my powder. . . . Accordingly, after a conflagration in my neighborhood, I insisted on removing all huts within thirty yards of my dwelling; the natives demurring, I at once ordered my men to pull down the houses, and thereby relieved myself from drunken and dangerous neighbors."*

These are the choicest samples of Negro tippling that can be given. All of them are drawn from the best in the cellar of African society.

* Albert Nyanza, p. 410.

CHAPTER IX.

"The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him."

THE virtues are not in attendance on such a life as this.

"We have longed," writes Lander, "to discover a solitary virtue among the natives of this place, but as yet our search has been ineffectual."*

'Tis a hard thing to write of any people, but, nevertheless, true of the African,—*he does not possess a single virtue.*

There is in him neither love of God nor love of man. He loves only himself, and that, supremely. The reproaches of conscience are not known to him. He does not appreciate the difference between right and wrong, virtue and vice, evil and good. These, in their moral sense, are strangers to him. He does not understand the obligations of duty, right, justice, mercy, forbearance, forgiveness, gratitude, benevolence, hospitality. He has neither truth, honesty, faithfulness,—is insensible to shame, contrition, remorse. The all-becoming graces, as, charity, respect, reverence, bounty, temperance, lowliness, patience, fortitude, devotion—he has

* Lander's Niger, vol. I., p. 74.

"No reliah for them; but abounds
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways."

He may be honest or true; it is by accident, interest, or necessity; he takes no satisfaction in being so. He may be faithful to an engagement, or a friend; it is not the moral obligation that influences him. He derives no enjoyment from right conduct, as such; such conduct in others he attributes to interest, weakness, fear, or other selfish motive, and feels neither gratitude, thankfulness, nor respect for upright behavior or kind and generous treatment.

He is indifferent to the sufferings of others; not moved by humanity to relieve them, takes no satisfaction in doing so, and is wholly insensible to the obligation of benefits conferred.

Baker felt the latter keenly, when he wrote in his diary—"As I returned to camp I could not help reflecting on the ingratitude of the natives; on many occasions I had exerted myself to benefit others in whom I had no personal interest, but in no single instance had I ever received even a look of gratitude."*

He should not have been surprised, for long before that, the chief of the mission at St. Croix had told him as much.

"They were far below the brutes, as the latter show signs of affection to those who are kind to

* Albert Nyanza, p. 433.

them ; while the natives on the contrary are utterly obtuse to all feelings of gratitude. . . . The more they receive, the more they desire, but in return they will do nothing.”*

As self is the only motive he believes in, so is force the only rule he respects.

Said, to him, Livingstone’s pet convert:—“Do you imagine that these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them nothing except by thrashing them, and if you like, I shall call my head men, and with our litupas—whips of rhinoceros hide—we will soon make them all believe together.”† Baker had this peculiarity in African morals, often and disagreeably thrust to his notice.

“It was of no use being good to them, as they had no respect for any virtue but force.”—“He told me ‘that all people were bad, both natives and traders, and that force was necessary in this country.’ I tried to discover whether he had any respect for good and upright conduct”‡—he did not discover it. The native’s idea of good and bad is expressed by Commoro, in the conversation already quoted from. “Most people are bad ; if they are strong, they take from the weak. The good people are all weak ; they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad.”

Illustration.—“On one occasion, Adda, one of the

* Albert Nyanza, p. 54. † *Travels and Researches*, p. 19.

‡ Albert Nyanza, p. 89, et seq.

chiefs, came to ask me to join him in attacking a village to procure molotes—iron hoes; he said, ‘Come along with me, bring your men and guns, and we will attack a village near here, and take their molotes and cattle; you keep the cattle and I will have the molotes.’ I asked him whether the village was in an enemy’s country? ‘Oh no!’ he replied, ‘it is close here; but the people are rather rebellious, and it will do them good to kill a few, and to take their molotes. If you are afraid, never mind, I will ask the Turks to do it.’ Thus forbearance on my part was supposed to be caused from weakness, and it was difficult to persuade them that it originated in a feeling of justice.

. . . Nothing is more heart-breaking than to be so thoroughly misunderstood, and the obtuseness of the savages was such, that I never could make them understand the existence of good principle;—their one idea was ‘power,’—force that could obtain all—the strong hand that could wrest from the weak. In disgust I frequently noted the feelings of the moment in my journal—a memorandum from which I copy as illustrative of the time. ‘1863, 10th April, Latooka: I wish the black sympathizers in England could see Africa’s inmost heart as I do, much of their sympathy would subside. Human nature viewed in its crude state as pictured amongst African savages is quite on a level with that of the brute, and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog. There is neither grati-

tude, pity, love, nor self-denial; no idea of duty; no religion, but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness and cruelty. All are thieves, idle, envious, and ready to plunder and enslave their weaker neighbors.'"*

A nature so roundly vicious has no master-passion. All the vices take their turn of mastery, whether hunting singly or in packs.

Thus it is that we find the African described as a great thief, a great liar, a great every thing that is evil. "They steal like foxes, and are full of deceit," say all the travelers, early and late. "The most prominent passion of the African is theft. The more they are taught the more accomplished rogues they become. . . . Nothing can make an African honest at heart."† He is "without a trace of honesty in word or deed."‡ He would think himself a fool to let slip a chance to pilfer. Craft, subtlety, artifice, are a positive enjoyment to him. "Fraud and foxship," says Burton, "are his force," he plumes himself on his successes that way. If detected in any act of prodigious rascality he feels no shame, only regret at his failure. Lying comes easy. "Truth is no virtue" with him; he can not speak without a mixture of a lie, "although neither pleasure nor profit can arise from the deception."§ Baker's opinion on

* Albert Nyanza, p. 163.

† Travels in Western Africa, vol. I., pp. 123-264.

‡ Lake Regions, vol. II., p. 324, *passim*. § Id.

this subject has already been given ; it needs but little addition. Over and over again he deploras “ the incredible deceit and knavery of the people.” The missionary described them to him “ as lying and deceitful to a superlative degree.” *—and—

Of the mission at Khartoum, he writes :—“ The establishment was at that time swarming with little black boys from the various White Nile tribes, who repaid the kindness of the missionaries by stealing every thing they could lay their hands upon. At length, the utter worthlessness of the boys, and their moral obtuseness, and the apparent impossibility of improving them, determined the chief of the mission to purge his establishment of such imps, and they were accordingly turned out.” †

Speke, quite as complimentary in his language as the others, remarks on “ their proficiency for telling lies in preference to the truth, in an off handed manner that makes them most amusing.”—“ As thick as thieves about here.”—“ The place alive with thieves ;” ‡ and such like terms are not uncommon in his book, and no wonder. Thieves, thievery, lying, cozening, cheating, followed him, kept company with him, night and day, wherever he went. From king to beggar, everybody stole, cheated and lied. Nobody was to be trusted. From a cow to a cartridge, nothing was too big to be lifted or too small to be bagged. All was fish

* Albert Nyanza, p. 54.

† Id, p. 81.

‡ Speke's Journal. Introduction.

that came to their net. "Findings are keepings is the law of this country." The scanty robe of cotton that his women wore was inducement enough for a highway robbery, nor did some of his men fare any better than the women; both went home as naked as they were born. In Uganda, the king, avaricious and insatiable, attempted the theft of Speke's ammunition, and this, after Speke had made him many costly and beautiful presents, and had parted with as much more as by shameless begging, importunity and trouble, he squeezed out of him. In Unyoro, the king, equally avaricious and insatiable, attempted the theft of Baker's baggage, or rather, what remained of it from his rapacity, and this, too, just after Baker had interposed between him and an enemy, and saved his kingdom from pillage, his life from destruction.

Such a character as this never stops growing, and its growth is ever in one direction. All its juices run to villainy. The petty exploits of private vice, however numerous and successful, fail to satisfy its natural cravings; there must be something of more "vim," something rank, exaggerated, domineering; it must drive a wholesale, as well as a retail, business; with the latter, he supports life, with the former, he improves and enjoys it.

"Go and speed,—
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain,"—

is the curse of Africa. The land is the habitation

of cruelty, and filled with violence. With force, fraud, and guile in place of law, its natural condition is—war, rapine, robbery, murder, with cruelty inconceivable, pitiless, obscene. All are enemies, without restraint of blood, friendship, or moral sentiment. It is father against son, son against father, brothers against brothers, neighbors against neighbors, on a large scale or a small, public war or private, according to circumstances. Society has but two classes, the doers and the sufferers. There may be allies for offense, there are none for defense; nor are there such things as neutrals; to be neutral, is to be afraid, to be weak and invite attack. The only requisites for any act of violence are inducement and opportunity. When every thing is property, the former exists wherever there be men, women, children, to reward the spoiler; the latter, like a carcass, finds itself. His enterprising violence is not conscious of any weakness; knows nothing of the unnatural, pitiless, perfidious, base, vile, mean, dastardly, and the like. It exults equally over the skull of man, or woman, or child; the success of treachery, assassination, or battle, are all alike to him; and he delights, revels, in torments, tortures, manglings, mutilations and horrors.

The African is childish, thoughtless, trifling, playful, laughter-loving. In our minds, such a nature is associated with softness of heart, kindliness; not with cruelty. We have villains plenty, and

smiling ones, but those same villains will shrink, recoil from a cruel spectacle; nature suffers from it. Of those who delight in witnessing misery, the exceptions are very rare. They are fitly termed monsters. It will not answer to judge different natures by the same standard. A cat is very playful over the unfortunate mouse under its paw. In Africa there are no monsters of cruelty, all is perfectly natural. The natives enjoy what is horrible, it suits them. With exaggerated senses, they are dull of perception, insensible, torpid. The wonders of the firmament move them not.

"The whispering zephyr and the purling rill "

chant unheard; piercing sounds, heart-rending scenes, are necessary to rouse their faculties, stimulate their delights.

CHAPTER X.

"A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things."

"O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrible to think, how horrible to feel."

"CRUEL and murderous."—"Always seeking to entrap strangers and cruelly to murder them."—"Inhuman and beastly."—"Without natural affection."—"Robbers and plunderers."—"Terrible murderers."

Such are the delicate terms in which earlier travelers introduce our hero to society. He has never done any thing since to spoil the reputation.

Like olives, the pungent delicacies of African life may not suit the uncultivated taste; but, if the reader can manage to sit through the banquet about to be spread, possibly he may become fond of them.

We shall not linger over by-gones, but commence with the present age, about where we find the Rev. Robert Moffat hard at work among the natives of South Africa.

A taste of war practices will answer for the first course.

"As soon as they had retired from the spot

where they had been encamped, the Bechuanas, like voracious wolves, began to plunder and dispatch the wounded men; . . . to butcher the women and children with their spears and war axes. . . . Seeing the savage ferocity of the Bechuanas in killing the inoffensive women and children for the sake of a few paltry rings, or of being able to boast that they had killed some Mantatees, I turned my attention to those objects of pity who were flying in all directions. . . . It was distressing to see mothers and infants rolled in blood, and the living babe in the arms of the dead mother. . . . After the battle, women were found feasting on the dead bodies.”*

The Mantatees have their turn.

“I have glanced very briefly at the varied scenes connected with the mournful picture of this day. It would have been easy to give more facts, but my mind shrinks from further details of feats of savage barbarity and lion-like ferocity, which I witnessed among the Mantatee women. . . . No less furious and revengeful was the spirit manifested by the other tribes. The wounded enemy they baited with stones, clubs, and spears, with yellings and countenances indicative of fiendish joy. The helpless women found no quarter, especially if they possessed any thing like ornaments to tempt the cupidity of the plunderers. A few copper rings on the neck, from which it was difficult to take

* Missionary Labors and Scenes, &c., p. 248, et seq.

them, was the signal for the already uplifted battle-ax to sever the head from the trunk, or the arm from the body. . . . Others would pursue the screaming boy or girl, and not satisfied with severing a limb from the human frame, would exhibit their contempt for the victim of their cruel revenge by seizing the head and hurling or kicking it to a distance; the women exhibited the most perfect indifference to the objects of terror by which they were surrounded." *

"I am persuaded that none of my readers would thank me for a minute description of manners and dress which would only excite disgust, and details of revenge and punishment in which there is a combination of all that is ferocious, horrible, and cruel. When they conquered a town, the terrified inhabitants were driven in a mass to the outskirts, where the parents and all the married women were slaughtered on the spot. Such as had dared to be brave in defense of their town, their wives and their children, were reserved for a still more terrible death. Dried grass, saturated with fat, is tied round their naked bodies and then set on fire. The youths and girls are loaded as beasts of burden with the spoils of the war, to be marched to the homes of the victors. If the town is in an isolated position, the infants are left to starve or become the prey of wild beasts."†

"It is a feminine office and privilege, on the

* Missionary Labors and Scenes, p. 278.

† Id., p. 363.

African coast, to torture prisoners taken in war; sticking thorns in their flesh, in various places, before they are put to death. The unfortunate Captain Farewell underwent the horrors of torture at the hands of women and children; so likewise did the mate of Captain Burk's vessel at Sena.—The natives are very cruel in their fights, and spare neither age nor sex. They kill the women and female children lest they should be the mothers of future warriors, and the boys, lest they should fight hereafter. If they take prisoners, it is either to torture or to sell them as slaves.”*

Let us now recount the affairs of daily life.

In the valley of the Niger, and, indeed, all over that West Coast, human sacrifices are about as common as pennies at church collections. One night Lander “turned in” at a town, and repented that he had not gone farther. “What makes us more desirous to leave this abominable place, is the fact, as we have been told, that a sacrifice of no less than three hundred human beings, of both sexes and all ages, is shortly to take place. We often hear the cries of many of these poor wretches, and the heart sickens with horror at the bare contemplation of such a scene as awaits us should we remain here much longer.”†

He got away, not the next morning, but afterward—came to another town.—

* Journal of an African Cruiser: Hawthorn, p. 50.

† Lander's Niger, vol. I., p. 58.

“It is the custom here, when a governor dies, for two of his favorite wives to quit the world on the same day, in order that he may have a little pleasant social company in a future state.” Just at this time it so happened that a chief died; one of the many who were to form his escort, strangely enough, hung back, kept close. “The principal people of the place, finding the old lady still obstinately bent on deferring her exit, have sent a message to her native village to make known to her relatives that, should she make her escape, they will take all of them into slavery, and burn their town to ashes.”*

Being in the neighborhood, we will visit those nice people, the Dahomans, Ashantees, and others of the same sort.

Among these tribes, all but the head men are slaves, and they hold both life and liberty subject to the caprice of the king. The business of the country is, war on their neighbors, a war of extermination, waged most savagely by fire, plunder, massacre, reserving the youth for slaves. Human sacrifices by hundreds, thousands, at a time, are the chief features of its solemnities and rejoicings. Sometimes the victims are buried alive, their bones being first broken, and the people dance over the earth that thinly covers the still panting and convulsed bodies;—sometimes, they are driven like hogs to the slaughter-pen, to have their throats

* Lander's Niger, vol. I, p. 110, et seq.

cut or brains beaten out, and the headless trunk cast to the yelling and hungry mob, and sometimes they are impaled, and planted about the village in rows like poplars. The architecture is a composite of mud, skulls, and skeletons. Coat of arms, decorations, furniture, utensils of the same ghastly compound. Skulls and cross-bones everywhere, pertaining to every thing; in rows, hollow squares, and triangles; in piles like cannon-balls at an arsenal;—stuck like broken glass along the walls; in trays, calabashes, baskets lying about the house; and store-rooms are heaped full of them. There are skull-headed walking-sticks; jawbone-necklaces and such like trinkets. The king and his courtiers dance among the skulls, with a skull-headed scepter in one hand and a skull-capped sword in the other, and when tired, sits down on a skull stool and drinks rum out of a skull cup. On special occasions, his majesty walks in solemn pomp over the bloody bodies of vanquished chiefs or disgraced ministers. At the festivals of the tribes, he drenches the graves of his forefathers in human blood; fifty dead bodies are thrown around the royal sepulcher, and fifty heads displayed on poles; the blood of these victims is presented to him, he dips his fingers in it and licks them; when he dies, human blood is mixed with clay to build a house in his honor, and the royal widows kill one another till it pleases the new monarch to put an end to the slaughter; and all these performances are due, and enjoyed by,

the people. Here, as elsewhere in Africa, the prime minister is the public executioner; for a dollar, he will cut you a man's head off; and—here as elsewhere in Africa, sometimes it is a costly business to see the king.*

“The Mayors desired, on pain of death, that none should walk out that night, as the king was going to sacrifice. When the drum or gong passes through the streets to announce the commencement of the sacrifice, all who are found out of their houses are immediately seized and added to the list of victims.”†

A still sharper practice prevails in Loango. “When the king drinketh, he hath a cup of wine brought in, and he that bringeth it hath a bell in his hand, and as soon as he hath delivered the cup to the king, he turneth his face from him, and ringeth the bell, and all that be there fall down upon their faces and rise not until the king hath drunk. And this is very dangerous for any stranger that knoweth not the fashion, for if any see the king drink, he is presently killed, whosoever he be. There was a boy of twelve years, which was the king's son. This boy chanced to come unadvisedly when the king was drinking. Presently, the king commanded that he should be well appareled and victuals prepared, and the youth did eat and drink,

* See Forbes's Dahomey.—Duncan's Travels in Western Africa, and Malte Brun. Ed. 1864.

† Forbes's Dahomey, vol. II., p. 32.

afterward the king commanded that he should be cut in quarters and carried about the city, with proclamation that he had seen the king drink.”*

Livingstone, elsewhere, encountered a similar usage. It is mentioned in his usually vague way :—
“ We several times saw the woman who occupied the office of drawer of water for Shinte ; she rings a bell as she passes along, to give warning to all to keep out of her way ; it would be a grave offense for any one to come near her, and exercise an evil influence by his presence, on the drink of the chief.”†

The king makes an offering to his people.

“ There was much to disgust the white man in the mention of human skulls and jaw-bones displayed ; but can the reader imagine twelve unfortunate human beings lashed hard and fast and tied in small canoes and baskets, dressed in white dresses with a high red cap, carried on the heads of their fellow-men. These, and an alligator and a cat, were the gift of the monarch to the people. To-morrow they must die. . . . The king insisted on our viewing the place of sacrifices. Immediately under the royal stand, within the brake of accacia-bushes, stood some seven or eight fell ruffians, some armed with clubs, some with cimeters, grinning hungrily ; . . . from thence, to the royal stand. As we approached, the mob yelled fearfully, and called upon the king ‘ to feed them,

* Purchase, vol. I., p. 978. † Travels and Researches, p. 220.

they were hungry.'—Disgusted beyond the powers of description we returned to our seats.—The victims were held high above the heads of their bearers, and the naked ruffians acknowledged the munificence of their prince.—Having called their names, the one nearest was divested of his clothes, the foot of the basket placed on the parapet, when the king gave the upper part an impetus and the victim fell at once into the pit beneath.—A fall of upward of ten feet might have stunned him and, before sense could return, the head was cut off and the body thrown to the mob.”*

“African punishments and sacrifices abound in personal mutilations. Eyes scooped out, ears cut off, lips torn away, legs, arms, in short the whole body subject to every species of butchery and torture. At the Su-que-ah-ee, skulls lay around as thick as berries, and sacrifices, butcheries and torments are the chief features of all the feastings and solemnities of the people.”†

Andersson tells of a people in the interior of South Africa, who seem to be pretty much the same as these—indeed all are much the same.‡ The Namquas—a predatory tribe who, in their wars commit the most atrocious barbarities.—“The men are shot down in cold blood, the hands and feet of the women chopped off, the bowels of the children ripped up,—and many other things done that are not

* Forbes's Dahomey, p. 41, et seq.

† Id., vol. II., p. 91.

pleasant to mention—all to gratify a savage thirst for blood.”*

We will now take up the amiable Livingstone, who is exercising himself greatly, in Africa, on behalf of British colonial interests,—for be it known that, as Exeter Hall has, according to orders, “put out” slavery in this country, now is the time to push it, in Africa, and make that land what India is, an English plantation, and its natives, what the Hindostanee’s are, slaves to English trade and manufacturers.”

Livingstone, for all his gingerly treatment of the subject, can not refrain from telling enough to show that his experience tallies with that of the other travelers. His amiable escort, in whom he found quite a tendency to the virtues “were veteran marauders.” It was hard to get them away from a “fat place;” they so liked to pillage and live at free quarters. “My Makolo friends were but ill drilled as yet; and since they had never left their own country before, except for purposes of plunder, they did not take readily to the peaceful system we meant to follow.”† Wherever he goes we find him treading in the footsteps of maurauding parties, witnessing scenes of terror and violence. Forays here, and forays there. Villages destroyed, regions laid waste, cattle, people, every thing swept clean away. Sometimes the case is stated pretty squarely; oftener, one is tided over a gulf of hor-

† Lake Nagami, p. 129. * Trav. and Researches, p. 330.

rors, almost without knowing it. "Injustice and wrong," he says, "are often perpetrated by one tribe going among another tribe and compelling them" to deliver up their property; those, in turn, are plundered by others stronger than they, and—"if the *request* for tobacco is refused, these free sons of the Desert may settle the point as to its possession by a poisoned arrow."*

The so-called "Desert" was a hiding-place for fugitives and a lurking for robbers. He met with a poor set, whom he called Quakers, because—"they have invariably submitted to the rule of every horde that has overrun the country."† Somebody supplied them with arms. "Now we will fight;" but the marauders came along, and our "Friends" paddled off night and day, not staying to look behind. Nevertheless, our missionary "liked the frank and manly bearing of these men," whose "*submissive disposition leads to their village being frequently visited by hungry strangers.*" The greatest man he met with in all that country was the greatest cut-throat, spoliator, and robber. His admirable and romantic life, as sketched, appears to have been a series of undiluted and successful villainy. Nevertheless—"He was always forced to attack the different tribes,—and to this day, his men justify every step he took as perfectly just and right."‡ No wonder Livingstone found it "hard to make them feel that shedding

* Travels and Researches, p. 56. † Id., 74. ‡ Id., p. 100.

of human blood is a great crime; they must be conscious that it is wrong, but, having been accustomed to bloodshed from infancy, they are remarkably callous to the enormity of the crime of shedding human blood.”* It is quite pathetic to read his moanings over “the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, *anecdotes*, grumbling, quarreling, and *murdering* of these children of nature;”† and very encouraging, that he infers the insanity of a chief, because, when the whim seized him, he would run a muck through the town, beheading whoever he met. That same chief explained the insanity of such “conduct by saying that his people were too many, and he wanted to diminish them. He had absolute power of life and death.”‡ Then follow other nice particulars, very decently shrouded. “On inquiring whether human sacrifices were still made, as in the time of Pereira, we were informed that these had never been so common as had been represented to Pereira, but that, it occasionally happened, when certain charms were needed by the chief, that a man was slaughtered for the sake of some part of his body. When a chief dies, a number of servants are slaughtered with him to form his company in the other world. The Barotse followed the same custom.

“If the late Matiamvo took a fancy to any thing, such, for instance, as my watch chain,—he

* Trav. and Res. p. 217.

† Id., p., 246.

‡ Id., 341, et seq.

would order a whole village to be brought up to buy it from a stranger. When a slave-trader visited him, he took possession of all his goods; then, after ten days or a fortnight, he would send out a party of men to pounce upon some considerable village, and, having killed the head men, would pay for all the goods by selling the inhabitants. This has frequently been the case, and nearly all the visitants he ever had were men of color. On asking if Matiamvo did not know he was a man, and would be judged in company with those he destroyed, by a Lord who is no respecter of persons? the ambassador replied, 'We do not go up to God, as you do; we are put into the ground.'"

Livingstone saw, in his travels, much of the Gothic style in architecture and ornamentation. At one house or hut, he amused himself with counting the trophic skulls, fifty-four in all, on so many stakes around the premises. "These were Matebele, who, unable to approach Sebituane on the island of Loyéla, had returned sick and famishing. Moyara's father took advantage of their reduced condition, and, after putting them to death, mounted their heads in the Batoka fashion. . . . When looking at these skulls, I remarked to Moyara that many of them were those of mere boys. He assented readily and pointed them out as such. I asked why his father had killed boys. 'To show his fierceness,' was the answer. 'Is it fierceness to kill boys?' 'Yes; they had no business here.' . . . He

was evidently proud of these trophies of his father's ferocity, and I was assured by other Batoka that few strangers ever returned from a visit to this quarter. If a man wish to curry favor with a Batoka chief, he ascertained when a stranger was about to leave, and waylaid him at a distance from the town, and when he brought his head back to the chief it was mounted as a trophy, the different chiefs vieing with each other as to which should mount the greatest number of skulls in his village."*

A great portion of the country he passed through had been "visited by successive scourges during the last half century, and they are now 'a nation scattered and peeled.' When Sebituane came, the cattle were innumerable, and yet these were the remnants only, left by a chief called Pingola, who came from the northeast.—He swept across the whole territory inhabited by his cattle-loving countrymen, devouring oxen, cows, and calves, without retaining a single head. He seems to have been actuated by a simple love of conquest, and is an instance of what has occurred two or three times in every century, in this country, from time immemorial. A man of more energy or ambition than his fellows rises up and conquers a large territory, but, as soon as he dies the power he built up is gone, and his reign, having been one of terror, is not perpetuated."†—"This has been the inevitable fate of

* Trav. and Res. p. 569, et seq.

† Id., 592, et seq.

African Empire from time immemorial.—A smart fellow gains, his weak successor loses, so this is the normal state of African society, giving rise to constant and desolating wars;” * for all of which he sees no remedy but European Colonization, and he is about right. As we follow this traveller on his second expedition, he becomes a little more confidential and explicit, tells of those “whose slave hunting and marauding propensities are irrepressible;”—of “abodes of lawlessness and bloodshed;”—of “dwellers on the highlands—who make sudden swoops on the villages of the plains,”—tracking their course with smoking embers, putrid bodies, a ravaged, desolate country. “So numerous were the slain (he must put in a little diabolical extenuation) that it was *thought* the inhabitants had been slaughtered in consequence of having made raids on the Zulus for cattle. *We* conjectured this to be the cause of the wholesale butchery, because Zulus do not, usually, destroy any, save the old and able-bodied men.”—*i. e.* as with the rest of them, they slaughter those they have no better use for as slaves, or sacrifices, or food.—“It is, as our eyes and nostrils often found, by the putrid bodies of the slain, a sad system nevertheless, yet by no means so bad as that which” removes the poor fellows from British colonial cotton-fields to other cotton-fields. Not long after the scenes that provoked these bits of philanthropy, being on the

* Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 138, et seq.

way back, he met with others equal to them. Where, a few months before, all was peace and plenty, he now found ruin, death, desolation, wretchedness, despair; the river was full of floating corpses; on its banks were heaps of dead and dying; the stench of putrefaction poisoned the air, and bleaching skeletons strewed the ground like branches from the forest after the storm has passed.*

This brings us up with Captain Burton, who tells — of a people, “boisterous, violent, impracticable, cruel;” — “of those who drink out of human skulls, not polished or in any way prepared for that purpose;” of those whose passion is war, who have no law but “plunder and violence;” — of those who, “when the king has no foreign enemies he feigns a rebellion, attacks one of his own provinces, massacres the chief men and sells the peasantry” — where — “executions were frequent, scores being slain at a time,” — and “The king’s children were put in dungeons, where they staid all their lives, unless some one of them was taken out to mount the throne. Capital offenders were beheaded, or burned, or flayed alive. When a criminal absconds, the males of his village are slain and the women made slaves;” and he tells of their tortures. — “Some, are speared; others, beheaded or clubbed. The common way is, to bind the cranium between two stiff pieces of wood, which are gradually tightened by cords till

* Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 381, *passim*.

the brains burst out of the sutures. For women they practice a peculiar horrible kind of impalement.”*

He relates, “The treacherous and horrible assassination of an European :—”

“The unfortunate man was then tightly bound to a board, lashed crosswise upon another, to which his legs and head were secured by a rope tied across the brows. The inhuman Wazungüera first severed all his articulations, whilst the war-song and the drums sounded notes of triumph. Finding the Sime, or double-edged knife somewhat blunt, he stopped when in the act of cutting his victim’s throat to whet the edge, and, having finished the bloody deed, he wrenched the head from the body.”†

Speke, from the interior of Africa, writes thus :—
“The whole of the trip, one of slavery, nastiness, robbery, war, assassination.”‡ The regions he explored were in the same old state of chronic disorder and violence; the same old two classes, plunderers and plundered, fugitives and pursuers. He traversed a wilderness of five marches depopulated by successive incursions. The only neutral ground he saw, was the desert. Chiefs on all hands sought to entangle him in their broils of brother against brother. In one place, “The king issues his orders for the day much to the following

* Lake Regions, vol. I., p. 107, *passim*. Id., vol. II., p. 23, *passim*.

† Id., vol. I., p. 76.

‡ Journal of Discovery. London Ed., p. 121.

effect,—‘Cattle, women, and children are short in Uganda, an army must be formed, one or two thousand strong, to plunder Unyoro. The Wasoga have been insulting his subjects, and must be reduced to subjection (for this, another army). The Wahaia have paid no tribute to his highness lately, and must be taxed,’”* all of which means havoc and slaughter. When not engaged in outside sport, they keep their hand in by hunting at home. For instance—

“The regions about the palace were all in a state of commotion to-day, men and women running for their lives in all directions, followed by Wakungū and their retainers. The cause of all this commotion was a royal order to seize sundry refractory Wakungū, with their property, wives, concubines—if such a distinction can be made in this country—and families all together.”†

In Uganda,—“Wherever we went, all the villagers forsook their homes, and left their houses, property, and gardens an easy prey to the thieving propensities of the escort. To put a stop to this vile practice was now beyond my power, the king allowed it, and his men were the first in every house, taking goats, fowls, skins, mbügūs, cowries, beads, drums, spears, tobacco, pombé—in short, every thing they could lay their hands on, in the most ruthless manner. It was a perfect marauding campaign for them all.”‡

That same Uganda, Speke found to be emphatically, the habitation of cruelty, the "land of death."* It was death to touch the king's throne, or clothes, or to stand in his presence, in court, or out of court when he is standing still; death to salute informally; though the king is attended by naked women, it is death to be caught looking at them, or to expose even an inch of naked leg in their presence; it is death to talk about the royal pedigree;—of the countries that have been conquered; of any neighboring countries;—without permission, to visit or receive the king's guests; to possess any foreign goods, except beads and brass wire. Culprits are brought in bound. "At once the sentence is given, perhaps awarding the most torturing, lingering death, probably without trial or investigation. If the accused endeavor to plead his defense, his voice is at once drowned and the miserable victim dragged off in the roughest manner possible. An officer observed to salute informally, is ordered for execution, when everybody near him rises in an instant, the drums beat, drowning his cries, and the victim of carelessness is dragged off, bound by cords, by a dozen men at once. Should a wife commit any trifling indiscretion, either by word or deed, she is condemned to execution on the spot, bound by the pages, and dragged out." When the king and court make an excursion "no common man dare look upon the

* Journal of Discovery, p. 251, *passim*.

royal procession. Should anybody by chance happen to be seen, he is at once hunted down by the pages, robbed of every thing he possesses, and may count himself lucky if nothing worse happens. At the coronation the king's brothers are burnt to death."*

The reader may like to have a few specimens of this animal. Speke has given the king a gun. Eager to have it tried, he passed it, loaded and cocked, to a page, and told him to go into the court and shoot a man, which was at once done, and the urchin announced "his success with a look of glee, such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's nest, caught a trout, or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him 'and did you do it well.' 'Oh yes, capitally.' He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king, but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of life."† "I have now been for some time within the court precincts, and have consequently had an opportunity of witnessing court customs. Among these, nearly every day since I have changed my residence, incredible as it may appear to be, I have seen one, two, or three of the wretched palace women led away to execution, tied by the hand, and dragged along by one of the body-guard, crying out as she went to premature death—

* Journal of Discovery, 251, *passim*.

† Id., p. 290.

‘Oh my lord!—my king!—my mother!’—at the top of her voice, in the utmost despair and lamentation, and yet there was not a soul who dared lift hand to save any one of them, though many might be heard privately commenting on their beauty.”*

The king, as a judge. There were brought before him an old man, with his “ears shorn off for having been too handsome in his youth, and a young woman who, after four days’ search, had been discovered in his house—nothing was listened to but the plaintiff’s statement, who said that he had lost the woman four days, and after considerable search, found her concealed by the old man, who was indeed old enough to be her grandfather. From all appearance, one would have said the wretched girl ran away from the plaintiff’s house in consequence of ill-treatment, and had harbored herself on this decrepit old man, without asking his leave; but their voices in defense were never heard, for the king instantly sentenced both to death to prevent the occurrence of such impropriety again; and, to make the example more severe, decreed that their lives should not be taken at once, but, being fed to preserve life as long as possible, they were to be dismembered bit by bit, as rations for the vultures, every day until life was extinct.”†

“To-day I sent Bombay to the palace for food. Though rain fell in torrents, he found the king holding a levee, giving appointments, plantations,

* Journal of Discovery, p. 337.

† Id., p. 349.

and women, according to merit, to his officers. As one officer to whom only one woman was given, asked for more, the king called him an ingrate, and ordered him to be cut to pieces on the spot; and the sentence was, as Bombay told me, carried into effect, not with knives, for they are prohibited, but with slips of sharp-edged grass, after the executioner had first dislocated his neck by a blow, delivered behind the head with a sharp heavy-headed club.”*

He makes an afternoon call on the king—king amusing himself and not visible for some little time,—“while fearful shrieks were heard from within, and presently a beautiful woman, one of the king’s sisters, with cocks-comb erect, was dragged out to execution, bewailing and calling on her king, the Kamraviona, and Mzungū, by turns, to save her life.—Would to God I could have done it! but I did not know her crime, if crime she had committed, and therefore had to hold my tongue, while the Kamraviona, and other Wakungu present, looked on with utter unconcern, not daring to make the slightest remark.” Calling again a few days after this, there “were brought in some thirty odd women, for punishment and execution.”† Three days later, —the royal party out for a walk—king “mingled a little business with pleasure; for noticing, as he passed, a woman tied by the hands, to be punished

* Journal of Discovery, p. 351.

† Id., p. 355.

for some offense, the nature of which I did not learn, he took the executioner's duty on himself, fired at her and killed her outright."—And, anon, came another court excursion, a royal pic-nic. After great store of eating and drinking, "the whole party took a walk, winding through the trees, and picking fruit, enjoying themselves amazingly, till, by some unlucky chance, one of the royal wives, a most charming creature, and truly one of the best of the lot, plucked a fruit and offered it to the king, thinking, doubtless, to please him greatly; but he, like a madman, flew into a towering rage, said it was the first time a woman ever had the impudence to offer him any thing, and ordered the pages to seize, bind, and lead her off to execution. The words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying in the names of the Kamraviona and Mzungü (myself) for help and protection; while Lübüga, the pet sister, and all the other women, clasped the king by his legs, and kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head.

"Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference, at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and, as I heard my name, Mzungū, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own, in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."*

Again.—"During this one day, we heard the sad voices of no less than four women, dragged from the palace to the slaughter-house."

Again.—"On the way home, one of the king's favorite women overtook us, walking, with her hands clasped at the back of her head, to execution, crying 'N'yawo!' in the most pitiful manner. A man was preceding her, but did not touch her; for she loved to obey the orders of her king voluntarily, and, in consequence of previous attachment, was permitted, as a mark of distinction, to walk free. Wondrous world! it is not ten minutes since we parted from the king, yet he had found time to transact this bloody piece of business."†

* Jour. of Disc., pp. 359, 361, 364. † Id., pp. 402, 414.

Speke, at length, gets out of that land of death and jolly tipping. But reports follow him of "new cruelties at the palace," and many of note suddenly cut off. Bombay, his head man, was sent back on business to Mtésa; returning, he reports that—"Just as at the last interview, the king had four women, lately seized and condemned to execution, squatting in the court—(gave him one, and)—asked if he would like to see some sport, as he would have the remaining women cut to pieces before him." Bombay declined the "fun."*

The last communication from that ghastly region reads thus:—

"Mtésa was undergoing the coronation formalities.—The thirty-odd brothers will be burnt to death, saving two or three.—After the coronation is concluded, it is expected Mtésa will go into Kitara on the west, to fight first, and then, turning east, will fight with the Wasauga."†

Baker found the natives, in his portion of Africa, in all respects like the rest of them. How could it be otherwise? They "had no respect for good and upright conduct;"—with them, "plunder was a virtue—murder a pastime, and human life of no value."

Wars, razzias, forays, marauding, with their afflicting attendants, were the spectacles of the day, or its news. He declares the natives "worse than vultures;" always gorging, but never satisfied.

* Journal of Discovery, p. 434.

† Id., p. 291.

For lack of other game, they hunt at home. "Four or five villages will club together and pillage their weaker neighbors." There were no such things as allies for defense, or neutrals; to be neutral was to be weak, and a sure victim.

At Unyoro he was pestered with importunities to join in a war against the king's brothers. They tried to starve him into it, led him out of his way into a sickly and waste place, deserted, left him without supplies for two months—and the jolly black chief was very merry over it. "Why, I should not have known you! ha! ha! ha!—never mind—it's all over now; you really are thin, both of you; it is your own fault, why did you not agree to fight Fowooka? you should have been supplied with fat cows, and milk, and butter had you behaved well.—We will give Fowooka no chance;—he must be killed—only kill him, and my brother will give you half of his kingdom." * But Baker was obstinate.

Thus it is all over Africa—kill! kill! kill! Soon, there came another show of the dice. Unyoro, in turn, was overrun, devastated; the jolly black chief and the king, became very sorry-looking fugitives indeed.

Of government, in Unyoro, Baker says,—“There never was a more supreme despot than the king—Kamrasi.—Not only the property, but the families of his subjects, were at his disposal;—he

* Albert Nyanza, p. 381.

boasted that 'all belonged to him.' Thus, when disposed to be liberal he took from others, and bestowed upon his favorites; should any sufferer complain, there were no lawyers' costs, but the 'shoe,' or death. . . . To be suspected of rebellion was, to die."*

His way of doing business may be inferred from the following incident.

He invited three neighboring chiefs to a friendly conference at his capital. Soon as they came, one of them was imprisoned and sentenced to be burnt to death the next day. He escaped that night. One of his companions, suspected of aiding the escape, was then seized and ordered to be cut to pieces. "He was accordingly tied to a stake and tortured by having his limbs cut off piece-meal; the hands being severed at the wrists and the arms at the elbow joints."†

One more course will conclude this entertainment.

In Western Africa, are two chiefs, neighbors, cousins, and, as usual, enemies. The traveler is on a visit to one of them. About three o'clock in the morning he is waked up by the screams of women and children, and the firing of muskets. The younger cousin, aided by a ferocious set of cannibals, has attacked the town, the surprise is complete. The slaughter of the fight is over, that of the triumph has just begun. At this point we take up the narrative.

* Albert Nyanzi, p. 439.

† Id., p. 406.

"Of course we submitted without resistance, for, although fully armed, the odds were so great, in those ante-revolver days, that we should have been overwhelmed by a single wave of the infuriated crowd. The barbarian chief instantly selected our house for his head-quarters, and dispatched his followers to complete their task. Prisoner after prisoner was thrust in. At times, the heavy mash of a war-club, and the cries of strangling women, gave notice that the work of death was not yet ended. But the night of horror wore away. The gray dawn crept through our hovel bars and all was still, save the groans of wounded captives, and the wailing of women and children.

"By degrees the warriors dropped in around their chieftain. A *palaver house*, immediately in front of my quarters, was the general rendezvous, and scarcely a *Bushman* appeared without the body of some maimed and bleeding victim. The mangled but living captives were tumbled in a heap in the center, and soon every avenue to the square was crowded with exulting savages. Rum was brought forth in abundance for the chiefs. Presently, slowly approaching from the distance, I heard the drums, horns, and war-bells, and in less than fifteen minutes a procession of women, whose naked limbs were smeared with chalk and ocher, poured into the *palaver house* to join the beastly rites. Each of these devils was armed with a knife, and bore in her hand some cannibal trophy. Jen-ken's wife, a

corpulent wench of forty-five, dragged along the ground by a single limb the slimy corpse of an infant ripped alive from its mother's womb. As her eyes met those of her husband, the two fiends yelled forth a shout of mutual joy, while the lifeless babe was tossed in the air and caught, as it descended, upon the point of a spear. Then came the *refreshment*, in the shape of rum, powder, and blood, which was quaffed by the brutes till they reeled off, with linked hands, in a wild dance around the pile of victims. As the women leaped and sang, the men applauded and encouraged. Soon the ring was broken, and, with a yell, each female leaped on the body of a wounded prisoner, and commenced the final sacrifice with the mockery of lascivious embraces.—In my wanderings in African forests I have often seen the tiger pounce upon its prey, and, with instinctive thirst, satiate its appetite for blood and abandon the drained corpse; but these African negresses were neither as decent nor as merciful as the beast of the wilderness. Their malignant pleasure seemed to consist in the invention of tortures that would agonize, but not slay. There was a devilish spell in the tragic scene which attracted my eyes to the spot. A slow, lingering, tormenting mutilation was practiced on the living as well as on the dead, and in every instance the brutality of the women exceeded that of the men. I can not picture the hellish joy with which they passed from body to body, digging

out eyes, wrenching off lips, tearing the ears, and slicing the flesh from the quivering bones, while the queen of the harpies crept amid the butchery, gathering the brains from each several skull as a *bon bouche* for the approaching feast.

"After the last victim yielded his life, it did not require long to kindle a fire, produce the requisite utensils, and fill the air with the odor of human flesh. Yet, before the various masses were half broiled, every mouth was tearing the dainty morsels with shouts of joy, denoting the combined satisfaction of revenge and appetite. In the midst of this appalling scene I heard a fresh cry of exultation as a pole was borne into the apartment, on which was impaled the living body of the conquered chieftain's wife. A hole was quickly dug, the stave planted, and fagots applied; but before the fire could be kindled the wretched woman was dead, so that the barbarous wretches were defeated in their hellish scheme of burning her alive.

"I do not know how long these brutalities lasted, for I remember very little after this last attempt, except that the Bushmen packed in plantain leaves whatever flesh was left from the orgies to be conveyed to their friends in the forest.

"This was the first time it had been my lot to behold the most savage of African nature, under the stimulus of war. The butchery made me sick, dizzy, paralyzed. I sank on the earth

benumbed with stupor, nor was I aroused till nightfall.”*

NOTE.—The subjoined paragraph is from the *New York Herald*, of May 3, 1868, and it suggests scenes like to those above described, on even a larger scale, occurring now, daily:—

PROGRESS OF HEATHENISM IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

The Rev. Albert Bushnell, American missionary, writes from Gaboon, Africa, February 26, to the *Evangelist*, in this city, as follows:—

“There have been outbreaks of heathen cruelty recently at Kumosi, the capital of Ashantee, on the occasion of the king’s death, when, it is supposed, two or three thousand victims perished on the altars of superstition. Also at Abbeokuta the English have encountered unprecedented trials, and at Old Calabar, King Archibong, who is well known to us, has been mercilessly cutting off heads, in spite of the united efforts of the Scotch missionaries and foreign traders. Truly the dark places of Africa are full of the habitations of cruelty.”

* Canot.—*Twenty Years of an African Slaver*, p. 334, et seq. N. Y., 1866.

CHAPTER XI.

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

"Here's a young lad framed of another leer,
Look how the black slave smiles upon his father,
As who should say, *Old Lad*, I am thine own."

SEDGJO.

—A CITIZEN of Africa—a slave in America. His account of matters.

"Sedgjo was apparently about sixty years of age—was esteemed to be unusually intelligent for an African. We propose to give the substance of his narrative without regard to his language or manner. For a length of time we made it an object to draw out his knowledge and notions; and on the subject of the Deity his idea was, that the power which made him was *Procreation*, and that as far as regarded his existence, he need not care for any other God. This deity was to be worshiped in whatever act would represent him as *Procreator*. The more the act of worship was wounding to the feelings of sense or delicacy, the more acceptable it was to the god. The displays of this worship could not be described.

“Sedgjo’s account put us in mind of Maacah, the mother of Asa. In this account it was not uncommon to kill, roast, and eat young children, with the view to propitiate the gods and make the parents prolific. So also the first-born of a mother was sometimes killed and eaten, in thankfulness to the god for making them the instruments of its procreation. The king was the owner and master of the whole tribe. He might kill or do whatever else he pleased with them. The whole tribe was essentially his slaves. But he usually made use of them as a sort of soldiers. Those who were put to death at feasts or sacrifices, were, generally, persons captured from other tribes. Persons captured were also slaves, might be killed and eaten on days of sacrifice, or sold and carried away to unknown countries. If one was killed in battle, and fell into the hands of those who slew him, they feasted on him at night. If they captured one alive who had done the tribe a great injury, a day was set apart for all the tribe to avenge themselves and feast on him. The feet and palms of the hands were the most delicious parts. When the king or master died, some of his favorite wives and others were put to death, so that he yet should have their company and services. The king and the men of the tribe seldom cultivated the land, but the women and the captured slaves are the cultivators. They never whip a slave but strike him with a club, sometimes break his bones, or kill him. If they kill him, they eat him.

"Sedgjo belonged to the king's family, sometimes commanded as headsman; consequently, had he not been sold, would have been killed and eaten. The idea of being killed and eaten was not very dreadful to him. He had rather be eaten by men than have the flies eat him.

"He thought white men bought slaves to eat, as they did goats. When he first saw the white man he was afraid of his red lips. He thought they were raw flesh and sore. It was more frightful to be eaten by red than by black lips.

"On ship-board many tried to starve or jump into the sea to keep themselves from being eaten by the red lips. Did they but know what was wanted of them, the most would be glad to come. He can not tell now how long he was on the way to the ships, nor did he know where he was going. Thinks he was sold many times before he got there. Never saw the white man till he was near the sea. All the latter part of his journey to the coast the people did not kill or eat their slaves, but sold them. Their clothing is a small cloth around the loins. The king and some others have a large cloth about the shoulders. Many are entirely naked all their lives. Sedgjo has no wish to go back. Has better clothing here than the kings have there. If he does more work, he gets more meat. If he is whipped here, he is struck with a club there. There always afraid of being killed. Jumped like a deer if, out of a village, he saw or

met a stranger. Is very glad he came here; here he is a afraid of nobody.

“Such is the substance of what came from the negro’s own lips. It was impossible to learn from him his distinct nation, or tribe.”*

* Fletcher’s Studies on Slavery, p. 138, et seq.

CHAPTER XII.

"At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation, waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible."

DEGRADATION AND DEPRAVITY.

"AFRICA still presents a comparative blank on the map, as well as in the history, of the world.

"The funeral pall hangs over her widespread dominions, while her millions—are still sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance, superstition, and debasement"—are some of the reflections with which Mr. Moffat introduces his interesting narrative.

After what has been written, it may appear superfluous to give a chapter to the present subject. But the picture is by no means complete, nor can fancy supply the missing figures.

Habits, customs, looks, speech, behavior, are a mental, moral, as well as a physical necessity—genuine expressions of the nature from whence they proceed, and its inevitable product.

A man's face is an index to his soul; so are all things else he is,—and all he does. Bearing, gait, apparel, keeping of the body, are but "the fruit-

tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself."

Heretofore we have considered the African rather in his public character, as citizen, soldier, producer, tradesman, artificer, moralist, legislator, governor; this chapter will give special attention to his individuality, his domestic and social existence. Peradventure, something useful to the Solons of America will be found therein.

He has a strange fancy for making himself, outwardly, like some one of the lower order of animals. He paints his hide with colored clay, in stripes, or spots, or shades, in the likeness of some beast or reptile; sharpens the teeth to a point; knocks out the upper or lower *incisors*, or both, to be as a crocodile, or a tiger, or an ox, or something else. Generally, it is a blemish to have a complete dental suit. Speke tells, that in some parts of the country it is not safe for a native to appear thus arrayed.

This may be all very fine, after the manner of beasts; it seems other than fine, speaking after the manner of men.

There is, too, something other than fine or agreeable in his modes of salutation and obeisance.

Sometimes "they kneel on both knees, and, bowing their heads to the ground, cast sand over their shoulders and on their heads, with both hands, and go toward him—the chief—on both knees;"* or "they approached him, crouched, softly, mut-

* Purchas, pt. V., p. 709.

tering his great names;”* or, “walking on all fours, rolling their heads in the sand.”† Livingstone was particularly impressed with what, in one place, he calls their “punctiliousness of manners.” “The inferiors, on meeting their superiors in the street, at once drop on their knees and rub dust on their arms and chest; they continue the salutation of clapping the hands until the great ones have passed.”‡—“They throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and, rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs as expressions of thankfulness and welcome.—This method of salutation was to me very disagreeable, and I never could get reconciled to it. I called out, ‘Stop, stop; I don’t want that;’ but they, imagining I was dissatisfied, only tumbled about more furiously, and slapped their thighs with greater vigor. The men being totally unclothed, this performance imparted to my mind a painful sense of their extreme degradation.”§

Among the polished Waganda;—“Thanks are rendered by groveling on the ground, floundering about, and whining after the manner of happy dogs.” Such is the greater salutation; the lesser, is performed, “kneeling in an attitude of prayer, continually throwing open the hands and repeating sundry words.”—A felicitation.—“The Wakungu, some twenty in number, threw themselves in line

* Moffat, p. 363.

† Malte Brun (Ed. 1846), vol. II., p. 77

‡ Travels and Researches, p. 320.

§ Id., p. 590.

upon their bellies, and, wriggling like fish, n'yan-zigged, n'goned, and demaned, and uttered other wonderful words of rejoicing—while they continued, floundering, kicking about their legs, rubbing their faces, and putting their hands upon the ground, as if the king had performed some extraordinary act of munificence by showing himself to them in that strange and new position;”* *i. e.*, in a chair!

Among the polished Wanyoro—the people when before the king,—“sat on the ground at some distance from his throne; when they approached to address him on any subject, they crawled upon their hands and knees to his feet, and touched the ground with their foreheads.”†

These harmless but significant expressions of character must now give place to their betters.

The following quotation, while it honors a devoted wife and heroic woman, suggests the embarrassments of this topic:—“How can I lead the more tender sex through dangers and fatigues and passages of savage life? A veil shall be thrown over many scenes of brutality that I was forced to witness, but which I will not force upon the reader; neither will I intrude any thing that is not actually necessary in the description of scenes that unfortunately must be passed through in the journey now before us. Should any thing offend the sensi-

* Speke's Journal of Discovery, pp. 250, 216.

† Albert Nyanza, p. 386.

tive mind, and suggest the unfitness of the situation for a woman's presence, I must beseech my fair readers to reflect that the pilgrim's wife followed him, weary and footsore, led, not by choice, but by devotion."*

The particulars of African life are too abominable to be fully given. It would be a bold undertaking to publish their photograph, and as mischievous. Speke took with him machinery for the purpose, but soon sent it back.

"It is a common remark of the present day, that the heathen world is as depraved now as it was in the days of Paul. But this does not meet the case. There are but few modern missionaries who can not testify to the existence of forms of human depravity among them, of which there is no mention in the Apostle's category, and of which, perhaps, there was no existence in his day. . . . The depth of infamy and pollution to which heathen tribes have already reduced themselves, can scarcely be conceived. . . . If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that our moral character constantly assimilates to the character of the Being we worship, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that African character has been approximating, for centuries, to a model the most hideously immoral and depraved the human imagination can conceive. And here is at once the secret cause of all that cunning, duplicity, that have ever characterized this

* Albert Nyanza ; preface, p. viii.

people. The lineaments of the Divine image have been effectually effaced from their hearts, whilst those of the spirits of the infernal pit have been drawn with too bold a hand to be mistaken or misapprehended.”*

The African, in all his ways, is much like the animal he feeds after; unclean, filthy. He is like a beast in his sexual relations and intercourse, has no sense of what is pure, refined, delicate, modest, decent. Conjugal love is a stranger to his breast; as for love of country, patriotism, it never existed in his thoughts or feelings.

He generally goes naked; if he wear any thing, it is less for decency than for ornament or protection. He always lives a savage life, and generally a beastly one.

A. D. 622, the land of Negroes was described as : —“ Inhabited by great numbers of people which lived a brutish and savage life, without any king, governor, or knowledge of husbandry; clad, they were, in skins of beasts, neither had they any peculiar wives. In the day time they kept their cattle, and, when the night came on, they resorted, ten or twelve, both men and women, into one cottage together, using hair-skins instead of beds, and each man choosing his leman which he had the most fancy unto.” In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we find, at least, no improvement.

* Southern Pres. Rev., March, 1848. Article by Rev. J. L. Wilson, several years a missionary in Africa.

"The inhabitants, in summer, all go naked, save their privy members, which they cover with a piece of leather; but all winter, they are clad with skins and have beds of skins also; . . . living after a brutish manner, and having wives and children in common; . . . much addicted to uncleanness. One man has as many wives as he is able to maintain. . . . The women also are much addicted to lechery with strange country people."—

"The kings take their own daughters to wife, and the queens, their own sons to husband (with other like abominations). Touching their clothes, and the setting forth of their bodies, it is beastly and unseemly. They have no less uncleanness in their eating and housekeeping, for they live like beasts. . . . They are beastly in their living. They have men in women's apparel, whom they keep among their wives."*

"The women are very fruitful, but they enjoy none of their children, for, as soon as the woman is delivered of her child, it is presently buried, quick; so that there is not a child brought up in all this great generation; but when they take a town they keep the boys and girls of fourteen years of age as their own children."†

There are pictures of that period, worse than these, and more shameful, but we forbear to give them, and proceed to the present century.

* Purchase, pt. I., p. 826, *passim*.

† Id., vol. I., p. 973,—see also, Id., vol. V., p. 709, *passim*.

“With the exception of the Troglodytes, a people said, by Pliny, to exist in the interior of Northern Africa, no tribe or people are, surely, more brutish, ignorant, and miserable than the Bushmen of the interior of Southern Africa. They have neither house, nor shed, neither flocks nor herds; their most delightful home is ‘afar in the desert,’ the unfrequented mountain pass, or the secluded recess of a cave or ravine. They remove from place to place as convenience or necessity requires. . . . Accustomed to a migratory life, and entirely dependent on the chase for a precarious subsistence, they have contracted habits which could scarcely be credited of human beings. . . . In a bushy country they will form a hollow in a central position and bring the branches together over the head; under these they will lie, all together, in a hollow spot not larger than an ostrich nest. When bushes are scarce, they form a hollow under the edge of a rock, and are often found in fissures and caves. . . . Their manner of life is extremely wretched and disgusting. They delight to besmear their bodies with the fat of animals. . . . They are utter strangers to cleanliness, as they never wash their bodies, but suffer the dirt to accumulate so that it will hang a considerable length from their elbows. . . . They are total strangers to domestic happiness. The men have several wives, but conjugal affection is little known. They take no care of their children, and

never correct them, except in a fit of rage, when they almost kill them by severe usage. In a quarrel between father and mother or the several wives of a husband, the defeated party wreaks his or her vengeance on the child of the conqueror, which, generally, loses its life. . . . In general, the children cease to be the object of the mother's care as soon as they are able to crawl about in the field. In some few instances, however, you meet with a spark of natural affection which places them on a level with the brute creation."*

Of the other tribes he gives much the same account; all are equally depraved, though not equally degraded.

Mr. Wilson, in the article already cited, says: "Perhaps the strongest detestation which ever occupies the heart of an African woman, is toward the companion of her bosom and the father of her children. . . . Strifes, jealousies, and endless bickerings prevail among the wives, while conjugal fidelity is unknown, and chastity is so far from being regarded as a virtue, that they have no term by which to express it. Envy, jealousy, revenge, deception, insincerity, and the most indiscriminate profligacy have the countenance of universal practice."

Lander was astonished at the extreme and universal filthiness of their lives; the absence "of intense feeling and the finer emotions of the human

* Moffat—Missionary Labors and Scenes, &c., p. 46.

mind.”—“A man thinks as little of taking a wife as cutting an ear of corn. Affection is altogether out of the question.”—“They seem to have no social tenderness, very few of those amiable private virtues which would win our affections; none of those public qualities which claim respect or command admiration. Their love of country is not strong enough in their bosoms to incite them to defend it against the irregular incursions of a despicable foe.” *

“It may seem strange that I should dwell so long on this subject, for it seems quite natural that every one, even the most thoughtless barbarian, would feel, at least, some slight emotion on being exiled from his native land and enslaved; but, so far is this from being the case, that Africans, generally speaking, betray the most perfect indifference on losing their liberty and being deprived of their relatives; while love of country is, seemingly, as great a stranger to their breasts as social tenderness and domestic affection.” †

“Can any state of society be considered more low and brutal than that in which promiscuous intercourse is viewed with the most perfect indifference; where it is not only practised but spoken of without any shame or compunction. Some *rave* about the glorious liberty of the savage state, and about the innocence of the children of nature; and say that it is only by white men that they have

* Niger, Vol I., p. 110, *passim*.

† Id., vol. II., p. 208.

become corrupt. The Boschmens of Ababres had never seen a white man. They were far removed from the influence of Europeans.”*

Duncan thought he had come across about the filthiest and most unnatural set to be found; pagans having all the vices of the Negro. “Female virtue of little esteem. They are polygamists. The common price for a wife is sixteen dollars. There is not even the appearance of affection between husband and wife or between parents and children. So little do they care for their offspring that many offered to sell me their sons or daughters as slaves. They are, in point of fact, in point of parental affection, inferior to the brutes.”†

Elsewhere, he finds further occasion to return to the subject. “It will seem strange, but it is no less true, that the majority of Africans will sell their own offspring for a good price, with much less reluctance than an Englishman would part with a favorite dog.”‡

Mother and son meet after twenty years of compulsory separation—his observations thereon.—

“Such is the brutality of nature in these slave countries, that the meeting seemed to excite little of the warm feelings of human nature. In fact, they seemed to regard the circumstance as no more than an ordinary event. . . . I asked him if he

* Alexander—Interior of South Africa, vol. II., p. 23.

† Travels in Western Africa, vol. I., pp. 45-6.

‡ Id., vol. I., p. 262.

would like Mr. Deman to have his mother and sister redeemed, that they might go home with him, he began to hesitate and calculate the additional expense it would entail upon him, and finally said, —‘as they seem to be comfortable, they had better remain where they are.’”*

In our rambles over this country, through filth of all sorts, we encounter another traveler. He repeats the same old story ; everywhere the natives are a nasty set of pagans ; the women are merchandise ; there is no such thing as chastity or affection, and in some places, when a poor woman dies, leaving a child, it is quite common to bury the child alive, with its mother.

We next encounter an old acquaintance, but he is so preoccupied, prospecting for his patrons that he does not, or affects not to, see, feel, hear, or smell one half the things that assail the senses. He does not like, he says, to talk about their depravity, as “to ponder on deeds of sin can not promote a healthy state of the faculties.”† Nevertheless, he discloses enough to assure us that his Africans are as much like all the rest as one pea is like another. Everywhere he found polygamy ; women and children so much property, fruitfulness a much more important affair than paternity, and chastity of no value—“idolaters not so virtuous as those who have no idols ;”—“many of the people no better than they

* Travels in Western Africa, vol. I., p. 267.

† Andersson—Lake Nagami, p. 176, *passim*.

should be,"*—the son became heir to his father's wives, kept such as he liked, and distributed the rest among his friends. He says, that deformed children and albinos, are generally killed by their mothers; that the masses enjoy various styles of ornamental nakedness; for example:—

"A bunch of leather strings, about eighteen inches long, hung from the ladies waist, in front, and a prepared sheep or antelope skin covered the shoulders, leaving the breast and abdomen bare; the men wear a patch of skin about the size of the crown of one's hat, which barely served for the purposes of decency, and a mantle exactly like that of the women. . . . All smeared themselves with a mixture of fat and ocher."†

A queen's toilet.—"Manenko was a tall, strapping woman, about twenty, distinguished by a profusion of ornaments and medicines hung round her person; the latter are supposed to act as charms. Her body was smeared all over with a mixture of fat and red ocher, as a protection against the weather; a necessary precaution, for like most of the Balonda ladies, she was otherwise in a state of frightful nudity. This was not from want of clothing, for, being a chief, she might have been as well clad as any of her subjects, but from her peculiar ideas of elegance in dress."‡

The maid's toilet—"Is of a nondescript char-

* Travels and Researches, p. 280.

† Id., p. 122.

‡ Id., p. 298.

acter; but they were not immodest. They stood before us as perfectly unconscious of any indecorum as we could be with our clothes on.”* There is very little doubt of it. It would have been dreadful had he extended his observations on that subject to many other public presentations and representations, made “perfectly unconscious of indecorum.”

On cleanliness, we find but one note from his laborious pen:—“For long life they are not much indebted to frequent ablutions. An old man told us that he remembered to have washed once in his life, but that it was so long since that he had forgotten how it felt.”†

Burton found the natives “exceedingly filthy, with no limit to the number of their wives;—the men idle and debauched;” children are property, sometimes of the uncle, sometimes of the father; as such, they may be sold or slain without blame; that—“the various tribes are a quarrelsome, thieving, drunken, dirty set, having very little social or family affection, morals, or decency.”‡

Marriage—is a “mere affair of buying and selling, or, if she be taken from him, he claims her value, which is ruled by what she would fetch in the slave market.—A large progeny enriches them. Polygamy is unlimited.—When childhood is passed,

* Travels and Researches, p. 329.

† Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 130.

‡ Lake Regions, vol. I., p. 107, *passim*; vol., II, p. 28, *passim*.

the father and son become natural enemies, after the manner of wild beasts.—In morality, according to the more extended sense of that word, the Eastern African is markedly deficient.—His depravity is the greatest; intrigue fills up all the moments not devoted to intoxication.”*

Speke has just about the same sort of story to tell. Nakedness, nastiness, and immorality, wherever he went. All, polygamists; women and children, property. “A man’s means are measured by the number of his progeny.” “A large portion of the negro races affect nudity, despising clothing as effeminate. Their young women go naked, but the mothers suspend a little tail both before and behind.”†

Of the *polished* Waganda, he writes: “There is no such thing as marriage in Uganda, there are no ceremonies attached to it,” that the wives of the deceased king were halved between the queen-dowager and her son, or grandson, his successor; that the princesses, children of the deceased king, became the wives of his successor, probably their brother; although great outward decorum is exacted of the males, females appear without a rag on; full-grown, naked women wait on the king as valets; are presented to him as offerings. Take a case of the latter:

“Twenty naked virgins—all smeared and shining

* Lake Regions, vol. I., p. 324, *passim*.

† Journal of Discovery. Introduction, p. 22.

with grease, each holding a small square of mbügü—bark cloth—for a fig-leaf, marched in a line before us, as a fresh addition to the harem, while the happy fathers floundered n'yanzigging on the ground, delighted to find their darlings appreciated by the king. Seeing this done in such a quiet, mild way before all my men, who dared not lift their heads to see it, made me burst into a roar of laughter, and the king, catching the infection from me, laughed as well; but the laugh did not end there, for the pages, for once giving way to nature, kept bursting—my men chuckled in sudden gusts—while even the women, holding their mouths, for fear of detection, responded; and we all laughed together. Then a sedate old dame rose from the squatting mass, ordered the virgins to right-about, and marched them off, showing their still more naked reverses.”* And that polished king, when he eats, it is sometimes with “a copper knife and picker, not forked; but more usually like a dog, with both hands. The bits too tough for his mastication he would take from his mouth and give as a treat to the pages, who n'yanzigged and swallowed them with much seeming relish.”†

Baker, from his side of view, makes a series of tableaux, almost the duplicate of those already on exhibition. His first view of the natives is thus announced: “They are something superlative in the way of savages; the men as naked as they

* Journal of Discovery, &c., p. 336.

† Id., 363.

came into the world; their bodies rubbed with ashes, and their hair stained red by a plaster of ashes and cow's urine:" By the way,—he found it very troublesome to keep the latter article out of his milk, the folks had a superstitious passion for the mixture. "These fellows are the most unearthly-looking devils I ever saw—there is no other expression for them. The unmarried women are also entirely naked; the married have a fringe made of grass around their loins.—I took the chief of the Nuèhr's portrait, as he sat in the cabin on the divan; of course he was delighted. He exhibited his wife's arms and back, covered with jagged scars, in reply to my questions as to the use of the spiked iron bracelet. Charming people are these poor blacks! as they are termed by English sympathizers; he was quite proud of having clawed his wife like a wild beast. In sober earnest, my monkey 'Walladay' looks like a civilized being compared to these Nuèhr savages."*

SECOND VIEW.—

The Kytch.—"The chief of this tribe wore a leopard-skin across his shoulders, and a skull-cap of white beads, with a crest of ostrich-feathers; but the mantle was merely slung over his shoulders, and all other parts of his person were naked. His daughter was the best-looking girl that I have seen among the blacks; she was about sixteen. Her

* Albert Nyanza, p. 42, *passim*.

clothing consisted of a little piece of dressed hide, about a foot wide, slung across her shoulders, all other parts being exposed. All the girls of this country wear merely a circlet of little iron jingling ornaments around their waists.—They are the most pitiable set of savages that can be imagined; so emaciated that they have no visible posteriors; they look as though they had been planed off, and their long, thin legs and arms gave them a peculiar gnat-like appearance. At night they crouch close to the fires, lying in the smoke to escape the crowds of mosquitoes.—Polygamy is of course allowed, as in all other hot climates and savage countries; but when a man becomes too old to pay sufficient attention to his numerous young wives, the eldest son takes the place of his father and becomes his substitute.”* Throughout the journey, the costume described, with a single exception, did not vary materially. Those who were not “absolutely naked,” wore a sort of tail before, or tail behind, a very scanty affair; yet, especially the tail behind, quite serviceable when crawling on hands and knees, into their dog-kennel doorways; generally, they went quite naked, not according to Tennyson “clothed on with chastity,” but according to Livingstone, “unconscious of any decorum.”

As it may prove some encouragement to an existing fashion, the compiler will here venture on a slight digression. Africa has contributed something

* Albert Nyanza, pp. 47-50.

to civilization—the *Chignon*! However indifferent about the rest of his body, he is, in one respect at least, very particular with his head. Being rather short of hair himself, he devotes a great deal of time, labor, ingenuity, and extraneous products to the rearing of an artificial structure in its stead, which without washing, or fine-tooth comb will last a lifetime.

On this subject, Baker, useful traveler that he is, goes somewhat into particulars.

“There is little difficulty in describing the toilet of the natives—that of the men being simplified by the sole covering of the head, the body being entirely nude. It is curious to observe among these wild savages the consummate vanity displayed in their head-dresses. Every tribe has a distinct and unchanging fashion for dressing the hair; and so elaborate is the *coiffure* that hair-dressing is reduced to a science. European ladies would be startled at the fact, that to perfect the *coiffure* of a man requires a period of from eight to ten years. However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary,” &c.*

To the end of his journey, and back again, Baker finds very little to relieve the heavy monotony of filthy habits and promiscuous relations, with which we are already familiar.

“Polygamy,” he says, “is, of course the general custom; the number of a man’s wives depending entirely upon his wealth, precisely as would the

* Albert Nyanza, p. 142.

number of his horses in England. There is no such thing as love in these countries, the feeling is not understood, nor does it exist in the shape in which we understand it. Every thing is practical, without a particle of romance. Women are so far appreciated as they are valuable animals. They grind the corn, fetch the water, gather fire-wood, cement the floors, cook the food, and propagate the race; but they are mere servants, and as such are valuable. The price of a good-looking strong young woman, who could carry a heavy jar of water, would be ten cows; thus a man rich in cattle would be rich in domestic bliss, as he could command a multiplicity of wives. However delightful may be a family of daughters in England, they nevertheless are costly treasures; but in Latooka, and throughout savage lands, they are exceedingly profitable. The simple rule of proportion will suggest that if one daughter is worth ten cows, ten daughters must be worth a hundred, therefore a large family is the source of wealth; the girls produce the cows and the boys milk them. All being perfectly naked (I mean the girls and the boys), there is no expense. A savage holds to his cows and his women, but especially to his cows. In a razzia fight he will seldom stand for the sake of his wives, but when he does fight it is to save his cattle.”*

Our traveler found one spot in Africa, which was

* Albert Nyanza, p. 148, et seq.

to him "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Let us present it:—

"There was a peculiar charm in the association with children in this land of hardened hearts and savage natures; there is a time in the life of the most savage animal when infancy is free from the fierce instincts of race; even the lion's whelp will fondle the hand that it would tear in riper years; thus separated in this land of horrors from all civilization, and forced by hard necessity into the vicinity of all that was brutal and disgusting, it was an indescribable relief to be surrounded by those who were yet innocent, and who clung in their forsaken state to those who looked upon them with pity. We had now six little dependents, none of whom could ever belong to us, as they were all slaves, but who were well looked after by my wife; fed, amused, and kept clean."

. "The day arrived for our departure;—nevertheless, there were ties even in this wild spot, where all was savage and unfeeling; ties that were painful to sever, and that caused a sincere regret to both of us when we saw our little flock of unfortunate slave children crying at the idea of separation. In this moral desert, where all humanized feelings were withered and parched like the sands of the Soudan, the guilelessness of the children had been welcomed like springs of water, as the only refreshing feature in the land of sin and darkness."*

* Albert Nyanza, pp. 452–453.

The negro at home. What a miserable being!
What a deplorable existence!

Such, reader, may be your reflections, and mine;
yet, may it not be with the negro, as with all other
orders of creation, that his life is in conformity
with his nature and agreeable to it?

CHAPTER XIII.

"Served only to discover signs of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never come."

A HOPELESS CONDITION.

THERE is still a darker view of the subject than is sketched in the foregoing chapters: *its hopelessness.*

There are different sorts of savages. The Esquimaux is a savage. He dwells in a snow hut, is clad in undressed skins, feeds on raw whale-blubber, oil, and the like; is greasy, dirty, dull, unlettered, brutish. He clings to his home of half-yearly darkness and perpetual ice. He does not care for pleasant fields, and flowers, and ever-running brooks. He shrinks from contact with civilization. Should, by chance, one more venturesome than the rest, on some whaler homeward-bound, reach these shores, nothing suits him here, he longs to get away, back to that region of icebergs, gloom, barrenness, and a mode of existence suited to his moral, intellectual, and physical being. If, in retrospect, he ever thinks on that strange, bustling, busy, beautiful life, of which he has had a glimpse, it is without any yearnings for it. Rather has he a slothful sense of relief at his escape from scenes

which bewildered but could not attract; excitements which, however agreeable to others, were disagreeable to him. His torpid nature may have been startled, dazed—nothing more. Yet the Esquimaux has a God and a future state. His moral nature is not in utter darkness. He recognizes a difference between right and wrong; is able to entertain the primary truths of the Christian religion. He has traditions and romances; is a being of sympathies; is not utterly selfish; has a wife, children, relatives, friends; entertains some of the domestic and social virtues. Improvement has some hold upon him. The animal products of the frozen zone have exercised his industry, patience, ingenuity, and skill. He is the contriver and architect of his own sled; the tamer and trainer of his own wild, wolfish team; is a skillful whip, and takes his course over the trackless and dangerous waste with unerring sagacity and judgment. If, in his nature and existence, much is found to move our pity, there is little to provoke anger, abhorrence, loathing.

The American Indian is a savage. Indomitably so. He must follow the instincts and tendencies of his race. There is not an instance of the pure Indian becoming civilized. Isolated from his people and surrounded by whites, he may assume white men's ways; yet, all the time nature chafes at the casings of raiment, longs for a blanket, and the free, unrestrained course of the wild woods.

John Elliot devoted a long life to the Indians of New England. He sought to engraft them on the family of civilized and Christian people. He gave their language a grammar, school-books, a religious literature in prose and verse. The first Bible ever printed in this country was Elliot's Indian Bible. He established them in settlements as farmers, supplied them with seeds, farming utensils, and instruction. He collected them in villages as tradesmen, artificers, and the like; instructed them in the objects, rules, forms of civil government, set the machinery of society in motion, and stood with his hand on the governor as long as he lived.

Of that literature, thus writes the biographer:—
“The printer never was and never will be again called to set the types for those words so strange and so uncouth to our ears. Well nigh two centuries have passed away, and it is a thought full of melancholy interest that the people for whom it was designed are no longer on the roll of living men, and that probably not an individual in the wide world can read the Indian Bible. A few copies are to be found in libraries. It has become one of those works which the antiquarian deems it a triumph to possess. It has acquired the character of an ancient and time-sealed book, and when we turn over its pages, those long, strange words seem like the mysterious hieroglyphics on some time-hallowed temple of old Egypt.” Of their various settlements, Nonantum, Neponset, Nashoba, Nash-

away, Natick, not a vestige remains, save in the name of some busy, manufacturing white man's town or village. The red man has died out from those spots ; and, all over the continent, is disappearing before the white, as withered leaves in autumn, driven by the wind.

"They waste us ; aye, like April snow
In the warm noon we melt away ;
And fast they follow as we go
Toward the setting day ;
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven to the western sea."

Yet—the Indian believes in a God, worships the Great Spirit. His hopes enjoy the prospect of a future state. He recognizes a moral difference between right and wrong. His mind is not a blank. He has traditions, romances, songs ;—is famed for eloquence ; has a calendar ; takes notice of the times and seasons ; cherishes many of the domestic and social virtues ; and regards life with something that approaches contemplation and earnestness. Though History accuses the ferocity of the savage, Romance relates the qualities of the hero, and Poetry chants them.

Neither romance nor poetry have been able to light up the oppressive monotony of African nature. They can not alleviate its repulsiveness or invest it with a single attraction. The more it is contemplated the worse it appears. Steadily increasing gloom wraps the whole subject up.

To human sense, the African is invincibly God-

less, as well as savage, "in mind, body and estate;" in thought, speech, instinct, impulse, propensity, enjoyment, occupation—in every thing. During, at least, four thousand years, he has not made a single step of progress, indeed, we have been told that he has gone backward, that he is worse now than he was eighteen hundred years ago. Why should it not be so? Life must conform to the moral nature by which it is controlled. "As a man thinketh in his *heart* so is he." Nothing is stationary. To advance, or recede, become better or worse, is a law of necessity. Profound stagnation, and the busiest life; the quick and the dead; the corruptible and the incorruptible, all, obey that law.

There is an intimate relation, and mutual dependence between the physical, moral and intellectual estates in man. The whole will have the drift indicated by its ruling force and partake of its qualities, whether they be sensual or moral; gross or refined; degrading or elevating. In proportion as those qualities are cultivated, they preponderate, domineer: good disseminating its virtues, or bad, its vices. Practice and habitual depravity is like a cancer, which, assimilates to itself, absorbs, consumes every thing over which it prevails.

The people of our race have a mixed, conflicting nature. Evil and good strive continually, each for the mastery.

"Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in a degree."

All are sensible that there is a moral difference between right and wrong; that virtue adorns, and vice disfigures. All, more or less, hate vice and avoid it; respect, admire, love virtue and seek after it. There is not a villain, however incorrigible he may be deemed, but has his soft spot of virtue, ay, several soft spots, if you only knew how to touch them.—All are conscious that there is a Supreme Being, God, the Infinite, Creator, in whom was the beginning of things, to whom pertains all power and all perfection. So inevitable are such sentiments that we find it difficult to believe in the existence of a race of men who are not only without them, but seem incapable of comprehending them, when presented to their attention. The suggestion startles not only our credulity but our conscience.

Nevertheless, to human appearance, the African is that race.

It also appears that his very peculiar characteristics are permanent. However they may by circumstances be suspended or modified, they can not by any human influence be eradicated. Contact with civilization, however protracted, intimate and persuasive, can not make the genuine article out of him, but an imitator only, a counterfeit presentment. He will contract its vices and fatten on them, they assimilate; its virtues? No! There has never been developed in him the conditions sufficient for an independent civilized existence. The moment the supporting, fostering hand is with-

drawn, that moment he begins to fall, faster or or slower, as circumstances may favor or hinder the descent. Philanthropy could give conclusive proof of this, but philanthropy has an amiable weakness ; she refuses to acknowledge a defeat.

For centuries Christianity has labored patiently, perseveringly with the African. Vanity! vanity! is written on all its efforts. Hopes that were from time to time indulged, have surely sickened—and died.

The most enlightened, judicious, and self-denying efforts have utterly failed to reach his understanding or move his heart. His intelligence sees nothing, his moral sense feels nothing. The pleasant music sounds for those that have no ear for it. There is no more reverberation than if one struck a gong of lead. He may stare, blink, nod, go down on his knees with the teacher, follow the forms, get up an excitement, but there it ends. The light of truth has not dawned upon him ; he is not moved to a single heavenward emotion ; does not catch the first glimpse of God his maker. And why ? Because, according to “the spirit of the beast, that goeth downward to the earth,” his eyes are always downward bent. He goes groping about in mire and filth for something to satisfy his groveling senses ; alternately shrinking from or clutching some idle, senseless, repulsive object as its god.

The early settlers on the west coast of Africa, were not long in finding out how hopeless ;

were the amiable expectations of missionary effort. To counteract the cruel practices and idolatrous rites that prevailed in Angola "and to soften that barbarity of manners that prevailed, the Portuguese, when they established themselves in that country, were at great pains to establish the invaluable blessings of Christianity." So that from the year 1580 to 1590, we are informed, no less a number than 20,000 were converted and professed Christianity. The queen, during whose reign these thousands had been converted, died. "Her remains were no sooner deposited beside her sisters in the church which she had built, than Mona Zingha declared his abhorrence of Christianity, and revived the horrid Giagan rites. Five women of the first rank were, by his orders, buried in the queen's grave, and upward of forty persons of distinction were next sacrificed.—He wrote the viceroy at Loando that he had abjured the Christian religion, *which*, he said, he had formerly embraced out of respect to his queen;—and that he now returned to the ancient sect of the Giagas. That there might be no doubt of his sincerity in that declaration, he followed it with the sacrifice of a great number of victims in honor of their bloody and idolatrous rites, with the destruction of all Christian churches, and with the persecution of the Christians in all parts of his kingdom."*

The present age fails to report any thing more

* *Dappu's de l'Afrique*.—See Fletcher's Studies, p. 147.

hopeful; rather does it confirm the harshest conclusions to be drawn from this bloody relapse. Says Forbes, of the civilized and converted native:—"A Sierra Leone African is always looked upon as a spy, and the last stage of that man is worse than the first. He cohabits with the women of the country, and returns, in time, to his and her natal idolatry."*

From an American traveler, we learn that:—"Rude and wretched as is the condition of the natives, it has been affirmed that many of the Liberian colonists have mingled with them, and preferred their savage life to the habits of civilization. Only one instance of this kind has come to my personal knowledge.—[A native of North Carolina, Elija Parke, *alias*, William Hewes."† The writer states, on the authority of another American, a great traveler,‡ that, for physical reasons, the female colonists of Liberia go to the bush for the irmates, preferring the natives to their companions from this country. (*Quere.*) Is the necessity or inclination which directs this alliance exceptional, or the law of African nature, and—how long will it take that sort of civilization to travel backward into barbarism?

Let us go back to Mr. Forbes; he, too, has something to say about Liberia. "The Liberian people are doubtless held up as an example to the general

* Dahomey, p. 147.

† Journal of an African Cruiser, p. 59.

‡ Mr. Vassar.

state, but I prefer not instancing that state further than to prove that I have not overlooked it.—For in Liberia there is as much, if not more, domestic slavery, that is, buying and selling of God's image, as in the parent State of America. It is difficult to see the necessity or the justice of the negro who escapes from slavery on one side, crossing the Atlantic to enslave his sable prototype on the other, yet such is the case;—the Model Republic is, in reality, a new name and form for slavery in enslaved Africa," *—which bring us down to our friend Livingstone, who reports that—"the intercourse which the natives have had with white men, for more than three hundred years—does not seem to have much ameliorated their condition. A great number of persons are reported to lose their lives annually in different districts of Angola by the cruel superstitions to which they are addicted, and the Portuguese authorities either know nothing of them or are unable to prevent their occurrence. The natives are bound to secrecy by those who administer the ordeal, which generally causes the death of the victim. Persons, when accused of witchcraft, will often travel from distant districts in order to assert their innocency and brave the test. . . .

. . . . The prejudices in favor of these practices are very deeply rooted in the native mind. Even in Loanda, they retire out of the city in order to perform their heathenish rites without the cognizance

* Dahomey, p. 147.

of the authorities. The disrespect which Europeans pay to the objects of their fear is, to their minds, only an evidence of great folly." *

Commenting on the efforts of government to do away with certain practices, he remarks: "The people persist, however, in spite of the most stringent enforcement of the law, to follow their ancient custom." †

At St. Paul de Loanda, a place of about 12,000 inhabitants, chiefly blacks, he found two cathedrals. One of them had been converted into a workshop; "oxen were feeding within the stately walls of the other." ‡

He represents the black population of Angola as having become much deteriorated, and is told that "half-castes, in the course of a few generations, return to the black color of the maternal ancestor." §

Proceeding eastward along the Zambesi, this traveler comes to what was once a town.—"I walked about among some ruins I discovered, built of stone, and found the remains of a church, and on one side lay a broken bell, with the letters I. H. S. and a cross, but no date. . . . From the guides we learned that the inhabitants had not imbibed much idea of Christianity, for they used the same term for a church bell which they did for a diviner's drum." ¶

* Travels and Researches, p. 471, et seq.

† Id., p. 461.

‡ Id., p. 426.—See also Rees' Encyclopædia, Art., Colonization.

§ Id., p. 479.

¶ Id., pp. 625-628.

He was a long while among the Bechuanas, working as a missionary, and claims one convert, the chief; to the great grief of the people and everybody else, who believed "that the white-doctor had cast a glamour over him," and wept to see the head of their tribe "so far left to himself." * What became of the convert is not set forth, but, as all the while, he continued to be a noted magician, in full practice, and, when last heard from, was off on a marauding excursion, we hesitate, as yet, to assign him a high place on the saintly calendar.

On the mass of the people, the missionary's spiritual wrestlings had rather a bad effect than otherwise. Dry weather came; rain would not fall. As they believed that there must be some connection between the presence of God's Word in their town and these successive and distressing droughts, they looked with no good will at the church-bell, but still, they invariably treated us with kindness and respect.—The only avowed cause of dislike was expressed by a very influential and sensible man, the uncle of Sechele. "We like you as well as if you had been born among us; you are the only white man we can become familiar with (oh!); but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying; we can not become familiar with that at all." † Then follows a dialogue between the missionary and a rain-doctor—subject, magic—at the conclusion of

* Travels and Researches, p. 16, passim.

† Id., p. 25.

which he observes : “ These arguments are generally known, and I never succeeded in convincing a single individual of their fallacy, though I tried to do so in every way I could think of. Their faith in medicines as charms is unbounded.” *

By the way, Moffat had some time before, been with the same people, and has something on this very subject :—“ We shall now return to our labors among the Bechuanas, which had now been carried on for about four years. The natives had by this time become perfectly callous and indifferent to all instruction, except it were followed by some temporal benefit.” †

We will accompany Livingstone, once more, to an abandoned mission, on the eastern water-shed, listen to the trickling of his lamentations, and then take final leave of so much sensibility :—

“ The chapel, near which lies a broken church-bell, commands a glorious view of the two noble rivers, the green fields, the undulating forests, the pleasant hills, and the magnificent mountains in the distance. It is in utter ruin now, and desolation broods around.—One can scarcely look without feelings of sadness on the utter desolation of a place where men have met to worship the Supreme Being, or have united in uttering the magnificent words : ‘ Thou art the King of glory, O Christ,’ and remember that the natives of this part know

* Travels and Researches. p. 27.

† Missionary Labors and Scenes, &c., p. 194.

nothing of his religion, not His name. A strange superstition makes them shun the sacred place, as men do the pestilence, and they never come near it. Apart from the ruins, there is nothing to remind one that a Christian power ever had traders here. For the natives of to-day are precisely what their fathers were when the Portuguese first rounded the Cape. Their language, unless buried in the Vatican, is still unwritten. Not a single art, save that of distilling spirits by means of a gun-barrel, has ever been learned from the strangers, and if all the progeny of the whites were at once to leave the country, their only memorial would be, the ruins of a few stone and mud-built walls." *

As Speke was on his way home, he too, on the Upper Nile, came across an abandoned mission. After this manner he discourses thereon:—

"The Austrian Government, discouraged by the failure of so many years, had ordered the recall of the whole of the establishment for these regions. It was no wonder that these men were recalled, for, out of twenty missionaries who, during the last thirteen years, had ascended the White River for the purpose of propagating the gospel, thirteen had died of fever, two of dysentery, and two had retired broken in health, *yet not one convert had been made by them.* The shell of the brick church at Gondokoro, and the cross on the top of a native-built hut in Kich, are all that remain to bear tes-

* Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 222.

timony of these Christian exertions to improve the condition of the heathens." *

• Baker—he, too, met with abandoned missions :—

St. Croix.—“ Herr Moorlang, the chief of the establishment, acknowledged with great feeling, that the mission was absolutely useless among such savages ; that he had worked with much zeal for many years, but that the natives were utterly impracticable. They were far below the brutes, as the latter showed some signs of affection to those who are kind to them ; while the natives, on the contrary, are utterly obtuse to all feelings of gratitude. He described the people as lying and deceitful to a superlative degree ; the more they receive, the more they desire ; but in return, they will do nothing.—It is a pitiable sight to witness the self-sacrifice that many noble men have made in these frightful countries without any good results. Near to the grave of Baron Harnier, are those of several members of the mission, who have left their bones in this horrid land, while not one convert has been made from the mission of St. Croix.” †

Gondokoro.—“ This spot was formerly a mission station. There remain to this day the remains of the brick establishment and church, and the wreck of what was once a garden ; groves of citron and lime-trees still exist, the only signs that an attempt at civilization has been made.—‘ Seed cast upon the wayside.’ ” ‡

* Journal of Discovery, p. 544.

† Albert Nyanza, pp. 54, 55.

‡ Id., p. 59.

He had in his company a converted African. "My black fellow, Richarn, whom I had appointed corporal, will soon be reduced to the ranks; the animal is spoiled by sheer drink. . . . This man is an illustration of missionary success. He was brought up at the Austrian mission, and he is a genuine specimen of the average results. He told me a few days ago that he was 'no longer a Christian.'" *

Some time after, in a slave-hunting party, he met with a flourishing specimen of the civilized negro.

"Among Ibrahim's people, there was a black named Ibrahimawa. This fellow was a native of Bornou, and had been taken when a boy of twelve years old and sold at Constantinople; he formerly belonged to Mehemet Ali Pasha; he had been to London and Paris, and during the Crimean war he was at Kertch. . . . He had run away from his master in Egypt, and had been vagabondizing about in Khartoum in handsome clothes, negro-like, persuading himself that the public admired him, and thought that he was a Bey. Having soon run through his money, he had engaged himself to Koorshid Aga, to serve in his White Nile expedition. He was an excellent example of the natural instincts of the negro remaining intact under all circumstances. Although remarkably superior to his associates, his small stock of knowledge was

* Albert Myanza, p. 84.

combined with such an exaggerated conceit, that he was to me a perpetual source of amusement, while he was positively hated by his comrades, both by Arabs and blacks, for his overbearing behavior." *

Baker was four years in Africa, constantly associating with the natives. Here is what he thinks on this matter :—"Central Africa is peopled by a hopeless race of savages, for whom there is 'no prospect of civilization.'" †

* Albert Myanza, p. 200.

† Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, 1867, preface.

CHAPTER XIV.

VER.—Then for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOM.—Prick not your fingers as you pluck it off,

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

VER.—If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

And keep me on the side where still I am.

OPINIONS ;—of two well-known travelers ; men honest, earnest, thoughtful ; with minds, not mirrors, to dart their own rather than reflect the ideas of other people ; will nearly conclude these extracts. We quote, first, from Burton—"Reflections on the Negro :"—

"The study of psychology, in Eastern Africa, is the study of man's rudimental mind. He would appear rather a degeneracy from the civilized man, than a savage rising to the first step, were it not for his apparent incapacity for improvement. He has not the ring of the true metal. There is no rich nature, as the New Zealander, to cultivate. He seems to belong to one of the childish races, which, never rising to man's estate, fall, like worn-out links, from the great chain of animated nature. He unites the incapacity of infants with the impliancy of age ; the futility of childhood and the cre-

dulity of youth with the skepticism of the adult and the stubbornness and bigotry of the old. He has 'beaten lands and seas.' For centuries he has been in direct intercourse with the more advanced people of the eastern coast, and though few have seen an European, there are not many who have not cast eyes upon an Arab. Still, he has stopped short at the threshold of progress. He shows no signs of development; no higher or more varied orders of intellect are called into being. Even the simplest truths of *El Islam* have failed to fix the thoughts of men who can think, but who, absorbed in providing for their bodies, hate the trouble of thinking. His mind, limited as the objects seen, heard, and felt, will not, and, apparently, can not escape from the circle of sense, nor will it occupy itself with aught but the present. Thus, he is cut off from the pleasures of memory, and the world of fancy is altogether unknown. Perhaps the automaton which we call spiritual, suffers from the inferiority of the mechanism by which it acts.

"He is at once very good-tempered and hard-hearted; combative and cautious; kind at one moment, cruel, pitiless, and violent at another; sociable and unaffectionate; superstitious and grossly irreverent; brave and cowardly; servile and oppressive; obstinate, yet fickle and fond of change; with points of honor, but without a trace of honesty in word or deed; a lover of life, yet addicted to suicide; covetous and parsimonious,

yet thoughtless and improvident; somewhat conscious of inferiority, yet unimprovable. In fact, he appears an embryo of the two superior races. He is inferior to the active-minded and objective, and the analytic and perceptive European, and to the ideal and subjective, the synthetic and reflective Asiatic.

“He partakes largely of the worst characteristics of the low Oriental types—stagnation of mind, indolence of body, moral deficiency, superstition, and childish passion. Hence the Egyptians aptly termed the ‘Berbers and Negroes the perverse race of Cush.’

“Like the generality of the barbarous races, the Eastern Africans are willful, headstrong, and undisciplinable; in point of stubbornness and restiveness they resemble the lower animals. Revenge is a ruling passion. Retaliation and vengeance are their great agents of moral control. Judged by the test of death, the East African is a hard-hearted man, who seems to ignore all the charities of father, son, and brother. The people are remarkable for the suddenness with which they yield to fits of fury. On these occasions, they will, like children, vent their rage on any object, animate or inanimate, that presents itself. Their temper is characterized by a nervous, futile impulsion. Under delay or disappointment they become madmen. In their own country, where such dis-

tuousness and a violence of manner, which elsewhere disappears. As the Arabs say—‘There, they are *lions*, here they become *curs*.’ Their tears lay high—they are easily moved to them.

“This people, childlike, are ever in extremes. A man will hang himself from a rafter in his tent and kick away from under him the large wooden mortar on which he has stood at the beginning of the operation, with as much *sang-froid* as an Anglo-Saxon in the gloomy month of November. Yet, he regards annihilation, as all savages do, with loathing and ineffable horror. He fears death as children fear to go in the dark. All the thoughts of the Negroid are connected with this life. ‘Ah!’ they exclaim, ‘it is bad to die—to leave off eating and drinking—never to wear a fine cloth.’

“As in the Negro race generally, their destructiveness is prominent. A slave never breaks any thing without an instinctive laugh of pleasure, and however careful he may be of his own life, he does not value that of another, even a relative, at the price of a goat.

“In intellect, the Eastern African is sterile and incult, apparently unprogressive and unfit for change. He observes well, but he can deduce nothing profitable from his perceptions. His intelligence is surprising when compared with that of an uneducated English peasant, but it has a narrow bound, beyond which, apparently, no man may pass.

. "His wonderful loquacity, and volubility of tongue have produced no tales, no poetry, no displays of eloquence.

Of the coast slave, he writes, "The old definition of 'Slave' still holds good, 'an animal that eats as much and does as little as possible.' Clumsy and unhandy, dirty and careless, he will never labor unless ordered to do so. A whole gang will hardly do the work of a single servant.

He seems to acquire from captivity, a greater capacity for debauchery than in his own native wilds. He has learned irregularities unknown to his savage state. *It is the brutishness of negroid nature, brought out by the cheap and readily attainable pleasures of semi-civilization.*"*

Next, we take the opinions of Sir Samuel Baker. "The black man is a curious anomaly, the good and bad points of human nature bursting forth without any arrangement, like the flowers and thorns of his own wilderness. A creature of impulse, seldom actuated by reflection, the black man astounds by his complete obtuseness, and as suddenly confounds you by an expression of sympathy. From a long experience with African savages, I think it is as absurd to condemn the Negro *in toto*, as it is preposterous to compare his intellectual capacity with that of the white man. It is unfortunately the fashion for one party to uphold the Negro as a superior being, while the other denies him the com-

* Lake Regions, vol. II., p. 324, *passim*.

mon powers of reason. So great a difference of opinion has ever existed upon the intrinsic value of the Negro, that the very perplexity of the question is a proof that he is altogether a distinct variety. *So long as it is generally considered that the Negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every community to which he may unhappily belong. When the horse and the ass shall be found to match in double harness, the white man and the African black will pull together under the same regime.* It is the grand error of equalizing that which is unequal that has lowered the negro character and made the negro character a reproach.

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“In childhood I believe the Negro to be in advance, in intellectual quickness, of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand—it promises fruit, but does not ripen; and the negro man has grown in body but has not advanced in intellect.

“The puppy of three years old is superior in intellect to a child of the same age, but the mind of the child expands, while that of the dog has arrived at its limit. The chicken of the common fowl has sufficient power and instinct to run in search of food the moment that it leaves the egg, while the young of the eagle lies helpless in its nest; but the young of the eagle outstrips the chicken in the course of time. The earth presents a wonderful example of variety in all classes of

the human race, the animal, and vegetable kingdoms. People, beasts, and plants, belonging to distinct classes, exhibit special qualities and peculiarities. The existence of many hundred varieties of dogs can not interfere with the fact that they belong to one genus: the greyhound, pug, bloodhound, pointer, poodle, mastiff, and toy terrier, are all as entirely different in their peculiar instincts as are the varieties of the human race. The different fruits and flowers continue the example;—the wild grapes of the forest are grapes, but although they belong to the same class they are distinct from the luscious ‘muscatel;’ and the wild dog-rose of the hedge, although of the same class, is inferior to the moss-rose of the garden.

“From fruits and flowers we may turn to insect life, and watch the air teeming with varieties of the same species, the thousands of butterflies and beetles, the many members of each class varying in instincts and peculiarities. Fishes, and even shell-fish, all exhibit the same arrangement;—that every group is divided into varieties, all differing from each other, and each distinguished by some peculiar excellence or defect.

“In the great system of creation that divided races and subdivided them according to mysterious laws, apportioning special qualities to each, the varieties of the human race exhibit certain characters and qualifications which adapt them for specific localities. The natural character of those

racess will not alter with a change of locality, but the instincts of each race will be developed in any country where they may be located. Thus, the English are as English in Australia, India, and America as they are in England, and in every locality they exhibit the industry and energy of their native land ; even so the African will remain negro in all his natural instincts, although transplanted to other soils ; and those natural instincts being a love of idleness and savagedom, he will assuredly relapse into an idle and savage state, unless specially governed and forced to industry.

“The history of the Negro has proved the correctness of this theory. In no instance has he evinced other than a retrogression when once freed from restraint. Like a horse without harness, he runs wild, but, if harnessed, no animal is more useful. Unfortunately, this is contrary to public opinion in England, where the *vox populi* assumes the right of dictation upon matters and men in which it has had no experience. The English insist upon their own weights and measures as the scales for human excellence, and it has been decreed by the multitude, inexperienced in the Negro personally, that he has been a badly treated brother ; that he is a worthy member of the human family, placed in an inferior position through the prejudice and ignorance of the white man, with whom he should be upon equality.

“The Negro has been, and still is, thoroughly

misunderstood. However severely we may condemn the horrible system of slavery, the results of emancipation have proved that the negro does not appreciate the blessings of freedom, nor does he show the slightest feeling of gratitude to the hand that broke the rivets of his fetters. His narrow mind cannot embrace that feeling of pure philanthropy that first prompted England to declare herself against slavery, and he only regards the anti-slavery movement as a proof of his own importance. In his limited horizon he is himself the important object, and as a sequence to his self-conceit, he imagines that the whole world is at issue concerning the *black man*. The Negro, therefore, being the important question, must be an important person, and he conducts himself accordingly—he is far too great a man to work. Upon this point his natural character exhibits itself most determinedly. Accordingly, he resists any attempt at coercion; being free, his first impulse is to claim an equality with those whom he lately served, and to usurp a dignity with absurd pretensions, that must inevitably insure the disgust of the white community. Ill-will thus engendered, a hatred and jealousy is established between the two races, combined with the errors that in such conditions must arise on both sides. The final question remains; why was the Negro first introduced into our colonies—and to America?

“The *sun* is the great arbiter between the white

and the black man. There are productions necessary to civilized countries, that can alone be cultivated in tropical climates, where the white man can not live if exposed to labor in the sun. Thus, such fertile countries as the West Indies and portions of America being without a native population, the Negro was originally imported as a slave to fulfill the conditions of a laborer. In his own country he was a wild savage and enslaved his brother man; he thus became a victim to his own system; to the institution of slavery that is indigenous to the soil of Africa, and that has *not been taught to the African by the white man*, as is currently reported, but that has ever been the peculiar characteristic of African tribes.

“In his state of slavery the Negro was compelled to work, and through his labor, every country prospered where he had been introduced. He was suddenly freed, and from that moment he refused to work, and instead of being a useful member of society, he not only becomes a useless burden to the community, but a plotter and intriguer, imbued with a deadly hatred to the white man who had generously declared him free.

“Now, as the Negro was originally imported as a laborer, but now refuses to work, it is self-evident that he is a lamentable failure. Either he must be compelled to work, by some stringent law against vagrancy, or those beautiful countries that prospered under the conditions of Negro forced industry

must yield to ruin under Negro freedom and idle independence. For an example of the results, look at St. Domingo!

“Under peculiar guidance, and subject to a certain restraint, the Negro may be an important and most useful being; but if treated as an Englishman, he will affect the vices but none of the virtues of civilization, and his natural good qualities will be lost in his attempts to become a white man.”*

“The ethnology of Central Africa is completely beyond my depth. The natives not only are ignorant of writing, but they are without traditions; their thoughts are as entirely engrossed by their daily wants as those of animals; thus there is no clew to the distant past, history has no existence. This is much to be deplored as peculiarities are specific in the type of several tribes both in physical appearance and in language. . . .

“Whether the man of Central Africa be pre-Adamite is impossible to determine; but the idea is suggested by the following data. The historical origin of man, or Adam, commences with a knowledge of God. Throughout the history of the world from the creation of Adam, God is connected with mankind in every creed, whether worshiped as the universal sublime spirit of omnipotence, or shaped by the forms of idolatry into representations of a Deity. From the creation of Adam, mankind has acknowledged its inferiority, and must bow down

* Albert Nyzana, p. 194, *passim*.

and worship either the true God, or a graven image; or something that is in heaven or in earth. The world, as we accept that term, was always actuated by a natural religious instinct.

“Cut off from that world, lost in the mysterious distance that shrouded the origin of the Egyptian Nile, were races unknown, that had never reckoned in the great sum of history—races that we have brought to light, whose existence had been hidden from mankind, and that now appear before us like the fossil bones of antediluvian animals. Are they vestiges of what existed in a pre-Adamite Creation?

“The geological formation of Central Africa is primitive; showing an altitude above the sea-level, averaging nearly four thousand feet. This elevated portion of the globe, built up in great part of granitic and sandstone rocks, has never been submerged, nor does it appear to have undergone any changes, either volcanic or by the action of water. . . . Central Africa never having been submerged, the animals and races must be as old and may be older than any upon the earth. No geological changes having occurred in ages long anterior to man,—it is natural to suppose the races that exist upon that surface should be unaltered from their origin. That origin may date from a period so distant that it preceded the Adamite creation. Historic man believes in a divinity; the tribes of Central Africa know no God. Are they of our Adamite race? *

Then comes a long extract from an address of Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, 23d May, 1864—from it, two paragraphs are given.

“African geological data.—‘These demonstrate that, although the geologist finds here none of those characters of lithological structure and curiously diversified organic remains, which enable him to fix the epochs of succession in the crust of the earth in other quarters of the globe, the interior of southern Africa is unquestionably a grand type of a region which has preserved its ancient terrestrial conditions during a very long period, unaffected by any changes except those which are dependant on atmospheric and meteoric influences. . . .

“If then, the lower animals and plants of this vast country have gone on unchanged for a very long period, may we infer that its human inhabitants are of like antiquity?—Now, if the unquestioned works of man should be found coeval with remains of fossilized existing animals in southern Africa, the traveled geographer, who has convinced himself of the ancient condition of its surface, must admit, however unwillingly, that although the black man is of such very remote antiquity, he has been very stationary in civilization and in attaining the arts of life, if he be compared with the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Red Indian of America, or even with the Aborigines of Polynesia.’”*

* Albert Nyanza, p. 480, *passim*.

Upon this, Livingstone has something.———
His companion “ Dr. Kirk, while botanizing in the Delta of the Zambesi, came upon a bed of gravel in which the fossil bones of nearly all the animals now living in the country were associated with pottery of the same nature and ornamental designs as that now in common use by the natives.”* On the shores of Lake Nyassa, in 1863, Livingstone found similar remains.—The absence of strata and other “ evidences of oscillation of sea and land, so common elsewhere,” he remarks, “ have rendered southern Africa a sore puzzle to the geologist.—It was only when our far-seeing and sagacious countryman, Sir Roderick J. Murchison,” had concentrated all the rays of information, &c., “ that what we had before but dimly guessed, at length became apparent. Those great submarine depressions and elevations which have so largely affected Europe, Asia, and America, during the secondary, tertiary, and quasi-modern periods, have not affected Africa. In fact Africa is the oldest continent in the world.”

* Exp. to the Zambesi, p. 559, *passim*.

CHAPTER XV.

"A Falcon towering in her pride of place.
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

"MAL.—If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

MAED. Fit to govern !
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?"

Now for an answer to the questions.

Is the negro fit for the authority and place with which Congress would invest him ?

Is he fit—to have political supremacy over the white men of this country, over white men any where ?

Is he fit to administer the civilization of this age, to control its moral, material, and political interests ?

Do they seem like insults—these questions ?

Do they offend both your intelligence and your personal dignity ?

And yet, for sometime, and without resentment, you have submitted to much more ; and are submitting daily to assertions followed up by deeds which demand the affirmative ; and it is expected that you will submit still further. For instance—you are to allow this venous blooded race, these

Africans of whom you have just read, to determine who shall be the next President of the United States, and what, the complexion of the next House of Representatives.

Neither you nor I, reader, pursue these inquiries in any spirit of hostility to the Negro. He is in a false position, has evil days to come, calamities in store. We are sorry for him; we pity him.

But there is a higher sentiment than such sorrow and such pity. It is duty to race, religion, country, civilization. These must be upheld whatever else may happen.

If the negro is incapable of governing himself, clearly he is incapable of governing others. If he can attain to some degree of the white man's civilization in no other way than by following in the white man's steps, copying after, leaning on him, he is incapable of exploring the white man's path—of leading, guiding, or directing him.

The vine, twined round the oak, climbs to a brighter sunlight and a purer air. Is it, therefore, like an oak, able to stand alone; can it spread abroad its stout and thrifty arms and have dominion over the trees?

Civilized man, it seems would have it so, for he answers "Yes;" but nature, laughing him to scorn, says—"No; unsupported the vine sinks helpless to the ground, soon to become a rank mass of creeping, tangled vegetation, the breeding place of reptiles and malaria."

No! The negro is not fit to govern white men; not in one, much less in every particular.

It is a monstrous crime against nature and humanity to attempt such a piece of business.

Deliberately, by force of arms, to hold a superior race, with all its material, intellectual, and moral interests, under the heel of an inferior race, and that race the African, is, every way, such an outrageous proceeding, that it staggers belief. But facts compel belief. Made familiar with the presence of this prodigy, it is now expected of us to embrace it.

In conception, design, device, the whole thing is fiendish. Dilated to a Colossus it stands and scowls, while

“We petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.”

Should the policy of the party in power be persisted in, and society at the South held subject to its dictation, one of two consequences must come.

The whites will quit that country; abandon their homes, the lands they have reclaimed from swamp, wilderness, and savage occupation, the great improvements they have effected. They will abandon places and things that are very dear to them, because of the living and of the dead—places and things that are associated with fond memories and tender emotions. They will abandon their churches, their social and public foundations—every thing—

to—the negro and the military. The bayonet is a poor cultivator. Barbarism must triumph, and ultimately, that beautiful, productive land reverts to the wilderness.

Or—a collision of the races will occur. Force may postpone but cannot avert the event.

Natural and social repugnances, in close, equal relations, can not be perpetuated.

Two contradictory and opposing elements, co-existing on the same terms is an impossibility. As soon expect to coincide and agree, hatred and love, midnight and noon, frost and summer heat.

The collision, when it occurs, will be final. One or the other of the two races there must go down, in the midst of scenes and deeds so terrible, so full of distress and anguish that we can not bear to contemplate them.

For which of these consequences is the country prepared? Which of them will it invoke? Which of them will serve the cause of humanity, of civilization, of religion, of—the Republic?

But where, when these evils fall, will be the Republic?

It were easier to answer where it will not be.

It will not be where it was in times past; those bright, proud times!

It will not be even where it now is, but much worse off. Whether it come from the furnace in which the potters have placed it, a shriveled and defaced unit, or a score of crumbling fragments.

"Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn, supports, upheld by God or thee?"

Progress is the law of the universe. Progress toward the perfection of God our maker.

From the lowest of the vegetable kingdom to the highest of the intellectual; from the faintest nebula descried far beyond the milky way, to the brightest planet that rises and sets in our firmament—all must obey this law or perish.

Progress never tarries. Stars tarry; they disappear. Watchful science reports them "lost." Vegetation tarries; it dies; to be succeeded by a vegetation that satisfies the master—Progress. Beasts tarry; they die; give place to beasts more serviceable than they. Races of men, societies, nations tarry—aye, they retire, go backward, and leave fossils only to record their advance, degeneracy, and extinction.

All efforts to contend against this law are vain, wicked, and disastrous.

"Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise."

The globe we inhabit is a very small affair when compared with the number and magnitude of the heavenly hosts. It is a very great affair, considered as the nursery of millions that from the beginning to the end of time pass over it yearly to their eternal existence. In this latter sense it is a great affair to be born on it; to be one of those

millions; one in that perpetual stream of human being that peoples the universe. It is a much greater affair to be a nation, a political power, moving with the same great wave, onward and upward.

The United States of America is a power on the earth—a great power. Its people claim to be of the highest race; inferior to none, superior to most. They claim the first degree in moral, intellectual, physical force, energy, and capacity; and make it their boast that, of all the peoples, none do more than they to promote the progress of the age in all things.

Yet—with such high pretensions—they have the extreme folly, the madness—call it not even audacity—now, to thrust forward as a principal in all their movements a race that has never been a principal in anything, except it be evil—a race that never tried to thrust itself forward, but has always held back and kept back;—a race passive, listless, incompetent, and, with some amiable exceptions, the drone, drudge, vagabond, culprit, of humanity.

Shame! men, shame!

What think you now of those who advisedly, deliberately persist in doing this thing?

It is a hard sentence to write, but a true and just one:—

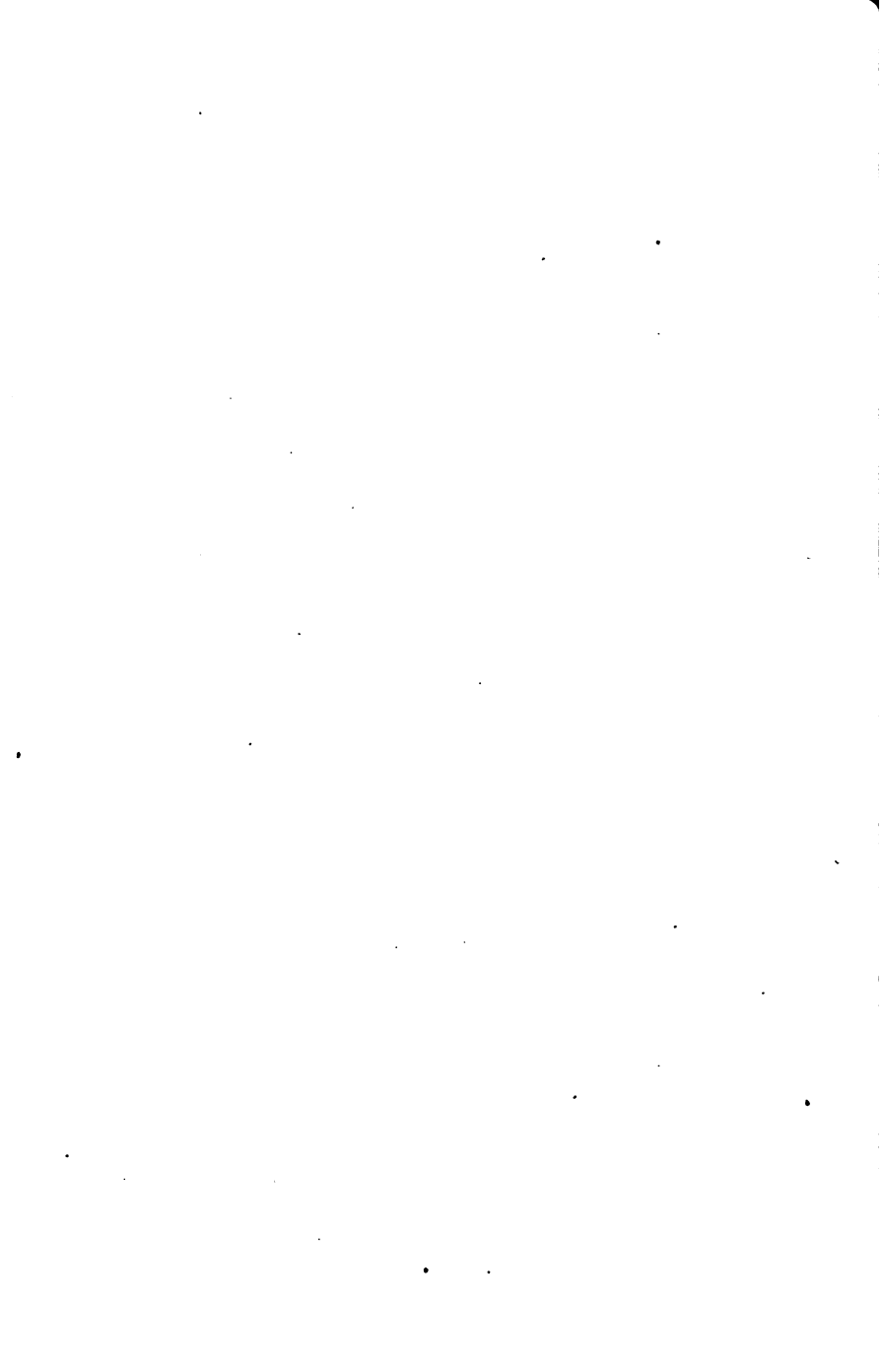
They are enemies to their country and its institutions;—enemies to every man, woman, and child

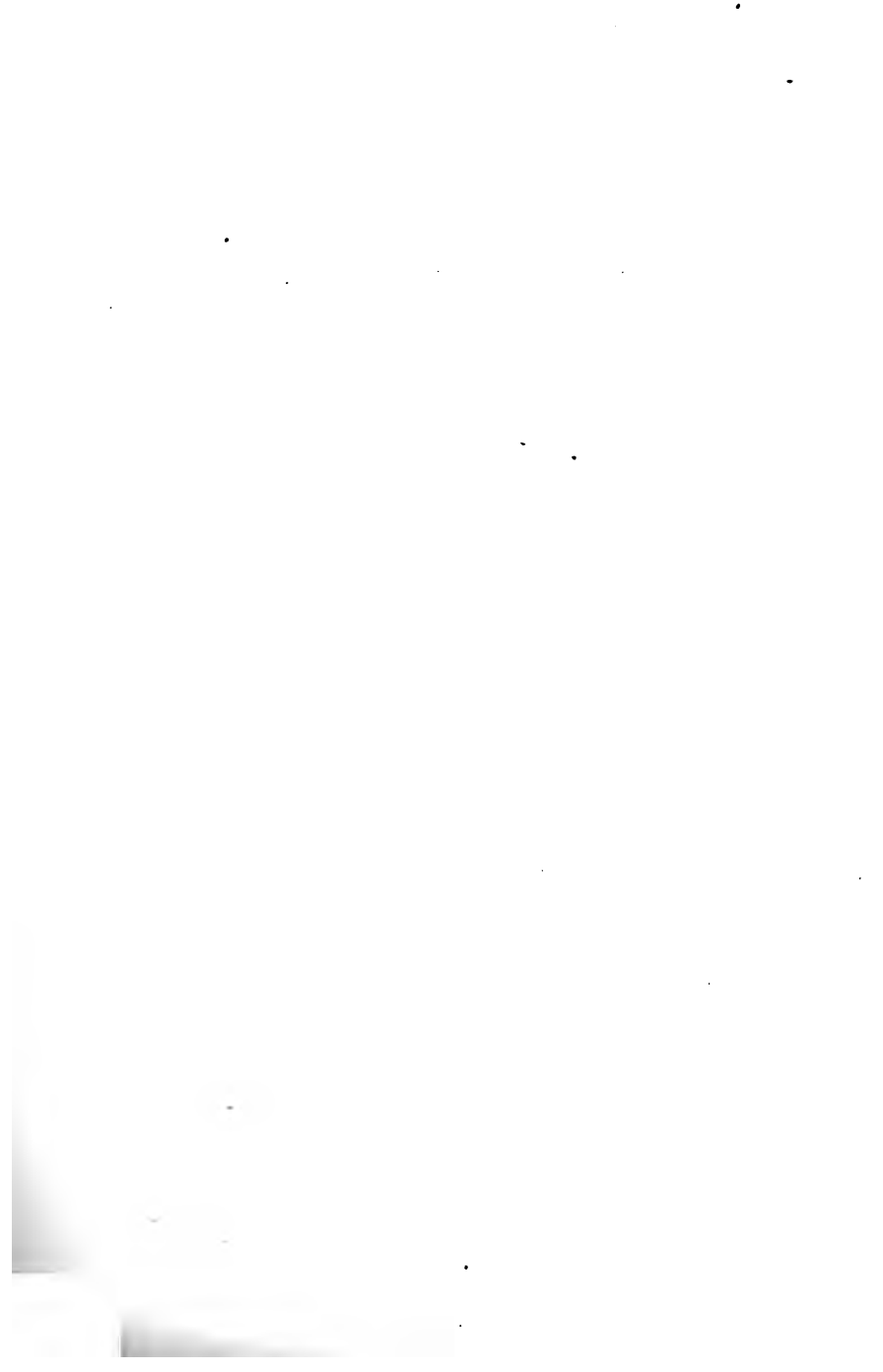
in it, be they white or black;—enemies to all decent society—to religion—to civilization—to the human race at large.

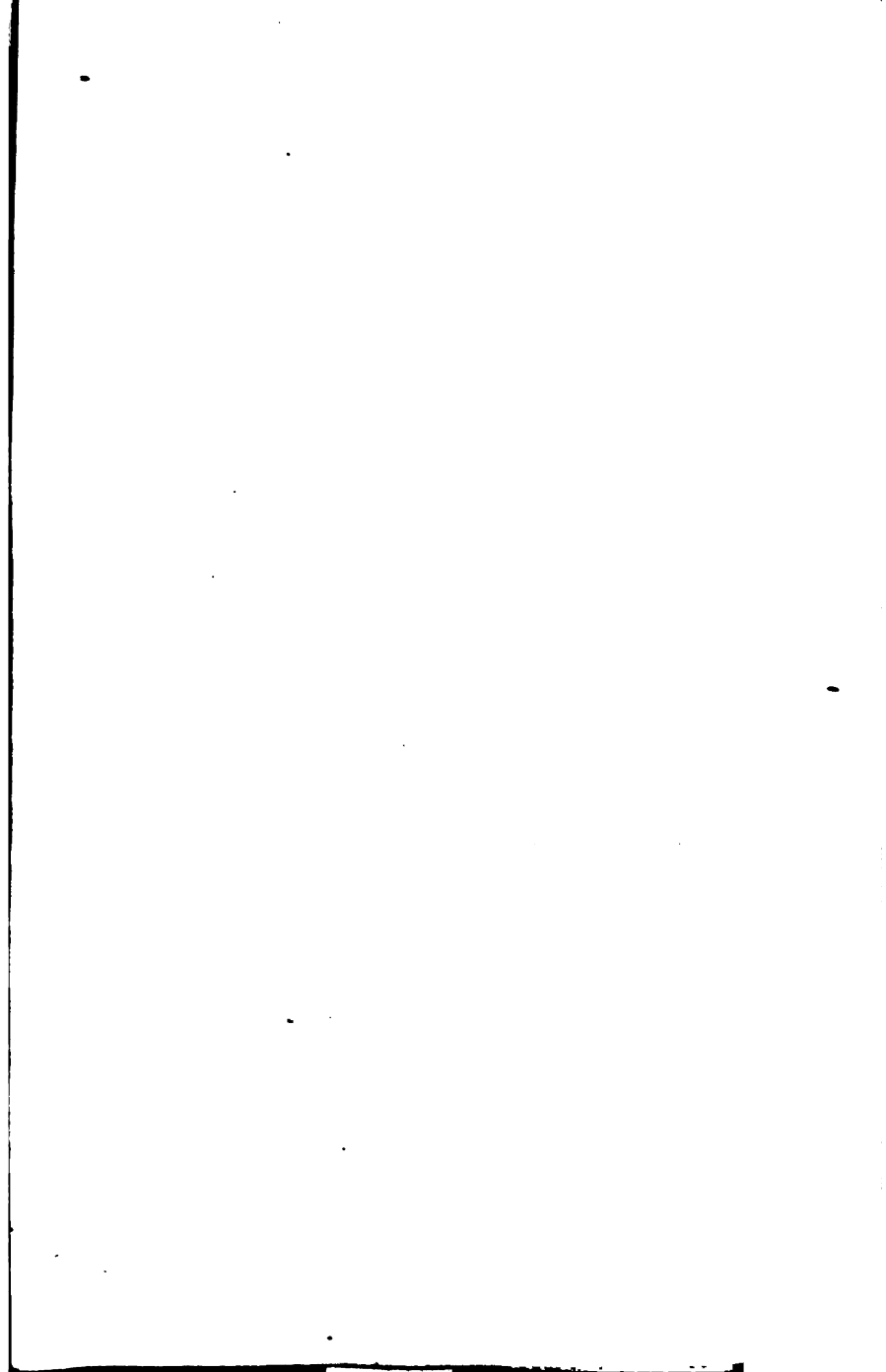
There is something revolting, leprous, in an offense which would graft such a deformity on our State and social condition.

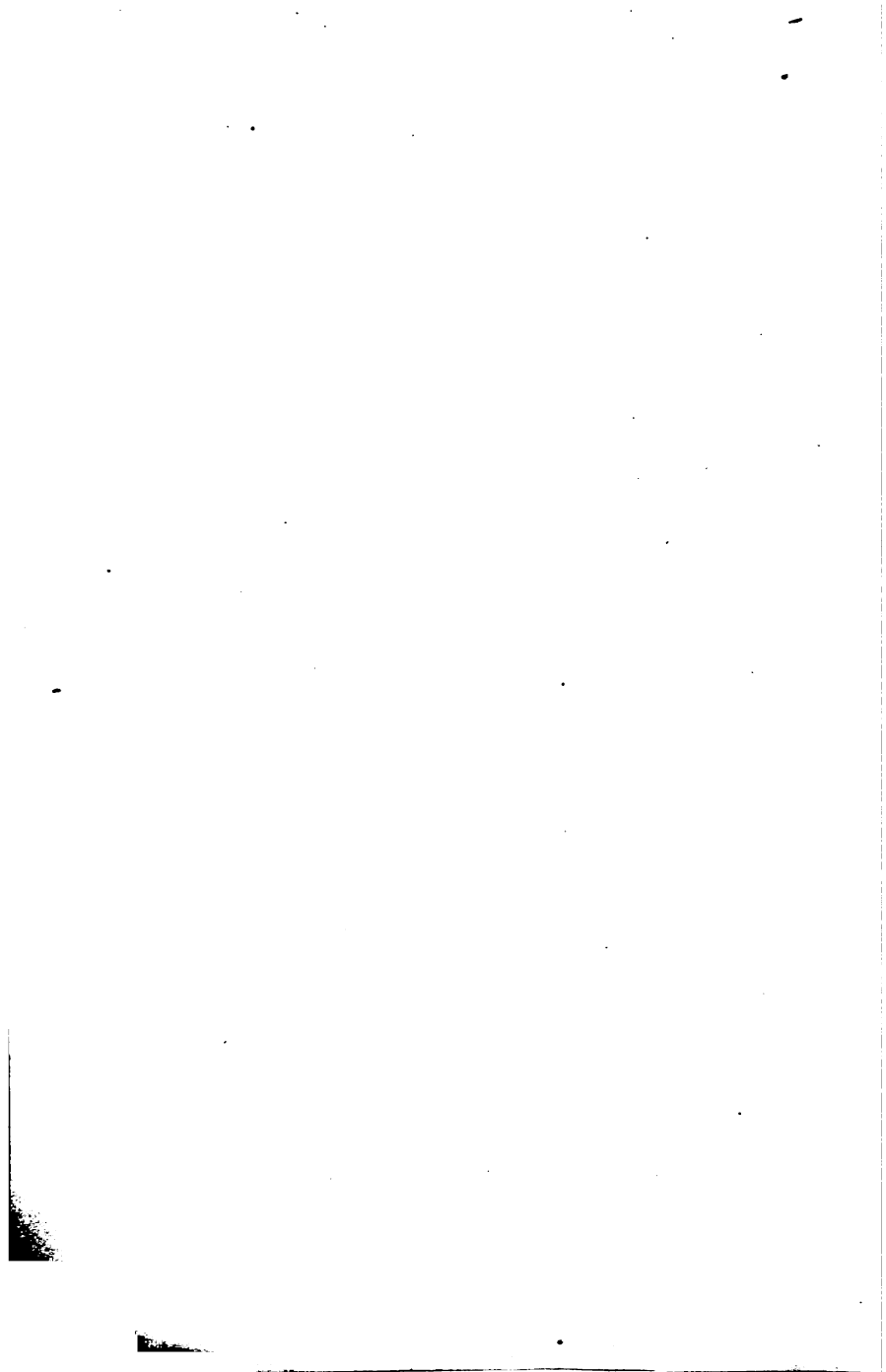
“Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with imperial wrath to blast that man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin.”

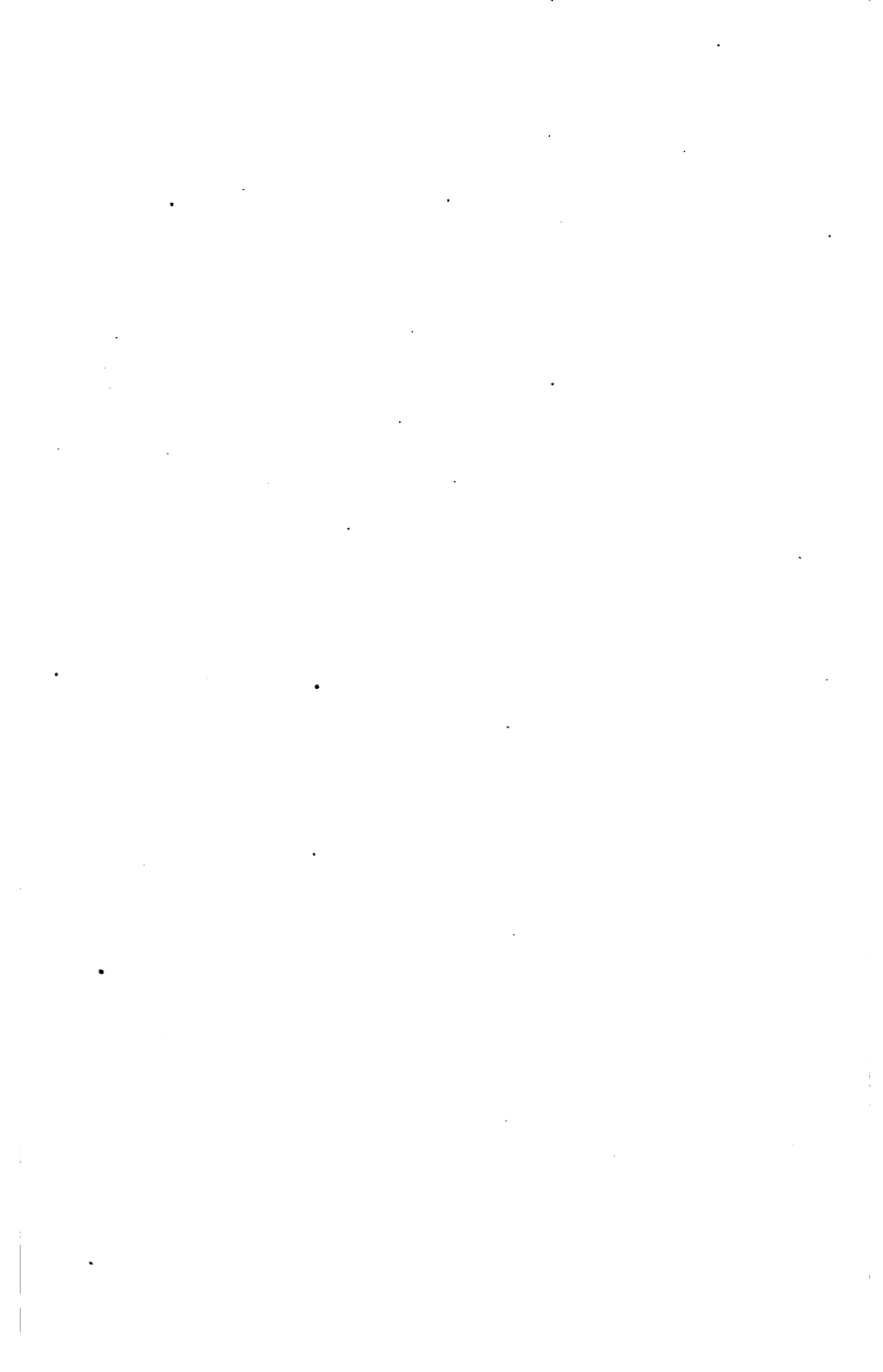












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